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The downfall of Robert, earl of Huntingd



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Downfall of
Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

<i>Date of only known original edition</i>	1601
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Downfall of
Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Robert Earl of Huntingdon

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1601

This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).

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JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
DOWNFALL
OF ROBERT,
Earle of Huntington,

AFTERWARD CALLED
Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde:
with his loue to chaste Matilda, the
Lord Fitzwaters daughter, afterwarde
his faire Maide Marian.


Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of
Nottingham, Lord high Admirall of
England, his seruants.



Imprinted at London, for *William*
Leake, 1601.

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THE DOWN-FALL
of Robert, Earle of Huntington.

* *
*

¶ Enter sir John Elton, and knocke at Skeltons doore,
Sir John.

Sk. Owe, maister Skelton: what art thou? he had
Opens the doore,
Skel. Welcome, and wisht for, honest sir
John Elton. I haue sent twice, & either time
he mist, that went to seeke you.

El. So full well hee might.
These two howers it pleas'd his Maiesty
To vse my seruice in suruaying Naples,
Sent ouer from the good king Ferdinand,
That to the Indies, at Sebastians sute,
Hath lately sent a Spanish Colonie.

Sk. Then twill trouble you, after your great affairs,
To take the paine that I intended to intreat you to,
About rehearfall of your promis'd play.

El. I pray maister Skelton: for the king himselfe,
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede
Wee faile not of our day, therefore I pray
Sende for the rest, that now we may rehearse.

Skel. O they are readie all, and dyest to play.
What part play you?

El. Why? I play little Iohn,
And came of purpose with this greene sute.

A 2

Skel.

Skel. Holla my maisters, little Iohn is come.

¶ At euery doore all the Players runne out, some crying where? where? others welcome sir *Iohn*, among other the boyes and Clowne.

Skel. Faith little Tracy you are somewhat so; ward:
What, our Maid Marian leaping like a Iad?
If you remember, Robin is your loue:
Sir Thomas mantle yonder, not sir Iohn.

Clow. But master, sir Iohn is my fellowe, for I am
Much, the Willers sonne. Am I not?

Sk. I know yee are sir:
And gentlemen, since you are thus prepar'd,
Goe in, and bring your dumbe scene on the stage,
And I, as Prologue, purpose to expresse
The ground whereon our historie is laied.

Exeunt, manet *Skelton*.

Trumpets sounde, enter first king *Richard* with drum
and Auncient, giuing *Ely* a purse and scepter, his mother,
and brother *Iohn*, *Chester*, *Lester*, *Lacie*, others at the
kings appointment doing reuerence. The king goes in:
presently *Ely* ascends the chaire, *Chester*, *Iohn*, and the
Queene part displeasantly. Enter *Robert*, earle of *Hun-*
tington, leading *Marian*, followes him *Warman*, and after
Warman the Prior, *Warman* euer flattering and making
curtsie, taking gifts of the Prior behinde, and his master
before. Prince *Iohn* enters, offereth to take *Marian*.
Queene *Elinor* enters, offering to pull *Iohn* from her;
but they in folde each other, and sit downe within the
curteines, *Warman* with the Prior, sir *Hugh Lacy*, Lord
Sentloe, & sir *Gilbert Broghton* folde hands, and drawing
the curteins, all (but the Prior) enter, and are kindly re-
ceiued by *Robin Hoode*. The curteins are againe shut.

Sk. Sir Iohn, once moze, bid your dumbe shewes come in;
That

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

That as they passe I may explaine them all.

¶ Enter king *Richard* with drumme and Ensigne, giuing
Ely a purse, and scepter, his mother and brother *Iohn*,
Chester, *Lester*, *Lacie*, others at the kings appointment,
doing reuerence. The king goes in.
Richard talde *Cor de Lyon* takes his leaue,
Like the Lords Champion gainst the Pagan foes,
That spoyle *Iudea*, and rich *Palestine*.
The rule of *England* and his princely seate,
He leaues with *Ely*, then Lord Chancelloz:
To whom the mother *Queene*, her sonne, prince *Iohn*,
Chester, and all the *Peepes* are swozne,
Exit Richard cum militibus.

¶ *Ely* ascends the chaire, *Chester*, *Iohn* and the *Queene*
part displeasantly.
Now reuerend, *Ely* like the deputie
Of Gods greate deputie ascends the throne:
Which the *Queene* mother, and ambitious *Iohn*
Repining at, rail'd many mutinies:
And how they ended you anon shall heare.
Exeunt omnes.

¶ Enter *Robert*, earle of *Huntington*, leading *Marian*, fol-
lowes him *Warman*, and after *Warman* the Prior, *War-*
man euer flattering, and making curtsie, taking giftes
of the Prior behinde, and his master before. Prince
Iohn enters, offereth to take *Marian*, *Queene Elinor*
enters, offering to pull *Robin* from her; but they in-
solde each other, and sit downe within the curtains,

This youth that leads you virgin by the hand
(As both the Sunne, the morning richly clad)
Is our Earle *Robert*, or your *Robin Hoode*,
That in those daies, was Earle of *Huntington*.

The fill fact miser, byld' in either hand,
Is Warman, once the Steward of his house,
Who Iudas like betraies his liberall Lord,
Into the hands of that relentlesse Prior,
Calde Gilbert Hoode, vncle to Huntington:
Those two that seeke to part these louely friends,
Are Elenor the Queene, and Iohn the Prince,
She loues earle Robert, he maide Marian,
But vainely: for their deare affect is such,
As only death can sunder their true loues.
Long had they lou'd, and now it is agreed,
This day they must be troth-plight, after wed,
At Huntingtons faire house a feast is helde;
But enuie turnes it to a house of teares.
For those false guesstes, conspiring with the Prior,
To whome earle Robert greatly is in debt,
Meane at the banquet to betray the Earle,
Unto a heauie wozit of outlawry.
The manner and escape you all shall see.

Elt. Which all, good Skelton?

Skel. Why all these lookers on:

Whom if wee please, the king will sure be pleas'd.
Looke to your entrance, get you in sir Iohn, Exit sir Iohn.
My shift is long, for I play frier Tuckes
Wherein if Skelton haue but any lucke
Heele thanke his hearers oft, with many a ducke.
For many talk of Robin Hood y neuer shot in his bowe,
But Skelton wites of Robin Hood what he doth truly

Therefore I pray yee, (knowe.
Contentedly stay yee,
And take no offending,
But sit to the ending.
Likewise I desire,
Yea would not admire
My rime to I shift.

Earle of Huntington.

For this is my drift,
So mought I well thine,
To make yee all blithe:
But if ye once frowne,
Pooze Skelton goes downe,
His labour and cost,
He thinketh all lost,
In tumbling of bookes
Of Harry goe lookes.
The Sheriffe with knaves,
With catchpoles and knaves,
Are comming, I see,
High time tis for mee
To leaue off my babble
And fond ribble rabble.
Therefore with this curtise
A while I will leaue yee.

Enter, as it were in haste, the Prior of Yorke, the
Sheriffe, Justice Warman, Steward to Robin Hoode.

Pri. Here master Warman, theres a hundred crowns,
For your good will and furtherance in this.

War. I thanke you my Lord Prior, I must away
To shunne suspicion, but be resolute,
And wee will take him, haue no doubt of it.

Pri. But is Lord Sentloe and the other come? (com-
War. Lord Sentloe, sir Hugh Lacie, & sir Gilbert Brogh-
Are there, and as they promise you last night,
Will helpe to take him, when the Sheriffe comes.

Pri. A while fare well, and thankes to them & you.
Come master Sheriffe, the outlawry is proclam'd,
Sende therefore quickly for more compaie,
And at the backe gate wee will enter in.

Sher. Wee shall haue much adoe I am afraid.

Pri. No, they are very merry at a feast,

The down-fall of Robert

A feast, where Marian, daughter to Lord Lacy,
Is troth-plighted to wassfull Huntington.
And at the feast, are my expectall friends,
Whom hee suspectes not: come weele haue him, man,
And for your paines, here is a hundred markes. Exeunt.
Sher. I thanke your Lordshippe, weele be diligent.

¶ Enter *Robin Hood*, *little Iohn* following him; the one
earle of *Huntington*, the other his seruant, *Robin* ha-
uing his napkin on his shoulder, as if hee were sodain-
ly raised from dinner.

Robin. As I am outlawed from my fame and state,
Be this day outlawed from the name of dales;
Day lucklesse, outlawe lawlesse, both accurst,
Flings away his napkin, hat, and sitteth downe.

Iohn. Doe not forget your honourable state,
Nor the true noblesse of your worthy house.

Rob. Doe not perswade mee: vaine as vanitie
Are all thy comforts, I am comfortlesse.

Iohn. Heare mee my Lord.

Rob. What shall I heare thee say?
Alreadie hast thou saide too much to heare.
Alreadie hast thou stabd mee with thy tongue,
And the wide wound with words will not be clos'd.
Am I not outlawed, by the Prior of *Porke*,
Proclam'd in Court, in citie, and in towne,
A lawlesse person? this thy tongue reports:
And therefore seeke not to make smooth my grieffe:
For the rough storme, thy windie words hath rais'd,
Will not be calm'd, till I in graue be laid.

Iohn. Haue patience yet.

Rob. Yea, now indeede thou speakest.
Patience hath power to heare a greater crosse
Then honours spoyle, or any earthly losse.

Iohn. Doe so my Lord.

Rob

Earle of Huntington.

Rob. I, now I would beginne:
But see, another Scene of griefe comes in.

Enter Marian.

Mar. Why is my Lord so sad? wherefore so soone,
So sodainely arose pee from the boozde?
Alas my Robin, what distemp'ring griefe
Drincks by the roseat colour of thy cheekes?
Why art thou silent? answer mee my loue.

Rob. Let him, let him, let him make thee as sad.
Vee hath a tongue can banish thee from toy,
And chase thy crimson colour from thy cheekes.
Why speakest thou not? I pray thee little Iohn,
Let the hozt story of my long distresse
Be vttered in a word. What mean'st thou to protract?
Wilt thou not speake? then Marian list to mee.
This day thou wert a maide, and now a spowse,
A none (poore soule) a widowe thou must bee:
Thy Robin is an outlawe, Marian,
His goods and landes must be exteuded on,
Himselfe exile from thee, thou kept from him,
She sinkes in his armes.

By the long distance of unnumbred miles:
If aint't thou at this? speake to mee Marian,
By olde loue newly met, parte not so soone,
Wee haue a little time to carry yet.

Mar. If but a little time, let mee not stay,
Part wee to day, then will I dye to day.

Iohn. For shame my Lord, with courage of a man,
Wilde this ouer-greenuing passion,
Or else dissemble it, to comfort her.

Rob. I like thy counsell. Marian, cleate these clouds,
And with the sunny beames of thy bright eyes,
Drinke vp these mites of sorrowe that arise.

Mar. How can I ioy, when thou art banished?

Rob. I tell thee loue, my griefe is counterfaite;

B

And

The down-fall of Robert

And I abruptly from the table rose,
The banquet being almost at an ende,
Onely to diuine confused and sad thoughts
Into the mindes of the invited guesstes.
For, gentle loue, at greate or nuptiall feastes,
With Comicke sportes, or Tragicke stately plaies,
Wee vse to recreate the feasted guesstes,
Which I am sure our kinsfolke doe expect.

Mar. Of this what then? this seemes of no effect.

Rob. Why thus of this, as little Iohn can tell,
I had bespoken quaint Comedians:
But greate Iohn, Iohn the Prince, my Lieges brother,
By rinall, Marian, he that crost our loue,
Hath crost mee in this iest, and at the Court,
Imployes the Players, should haue made vs sport;
This was the tydings brought by little Iohn,
That first disturbd mee, and begot this thought
Of sodaine vsling, which by this I know
Hath with amazement, troubled all our guesstes:
Goe in, good loue, thou as the Chorus shalt,
Expreſſe the meaning of my silent grieſe,
Which is no moze but this; I only meane
(The moze to honour our right noble friends)
My selfe in person, to present some Scenes
Of tragicke matter, or per chance of mirth,
Euen such as first shall iumpe with my conceipt.

Mar. May I be bolde thou hast the worst expreſt:

Iohn. Faire mistresse, all is true my Lord hath said:

Rob. It is, it is.

Mar. Speake not so hollow then,
So sigh, and sadly speake true sorrowing men.

Rob. Beleeue mee loue, beleeue mee (I beseech)
My first Scene tragicke is, therefore tragicke speech,
And accents, fitting wofull action, I strue to get:
I pray thee sweete goe in, and with thy sight,

Ap.

Appeale the many doubts that may arise.
That done, be thou their vsher, bying them to this place,
And thou shalt see mee with a lottie verse,
Bewitch the hearers eares, and tempt their eyes
To gaze vpon the action that I vse.

Mar. If it be but a play, I le play my part:
But sure some earnest grieffe affrights my heart.

John. Let mee intreate yee Adam not to feare,
For by the honestie of little Iohn,
Its but a tragicke Scene we haue in hand,
Only to fit the humour of the Queene,
Who is the chiefest at your troth- plight feast.

Mar. Then will I fetch her Highnesse and the rest.
Rob. I, that same tealous Queene, whose doting age
Carries the choyce of my faire Marian,
She hath a hande in this.

John. Well, what of that?
Now must your honour leaue these mourning tunes,
And thus by my arceede you shall prouide;
Your Plate and Jewels I le straight packe vp,
And toward Noringham conuey them hence,
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield:
Of all your cattell, mony shall be made,
And I at Mansfield will attend your comming,
Where wee le determine, which waie's best to take.

Rob. Well be it so, a Gods name let it be:
And if I can, Marian shall come with mee.

John. Elle care will kill her, therefore if you please,
At th' vtmost corner of the garden wall,
Soone in the euening waite for Marian,
And as I goe I le tell her of the place,
Your horses at the Bell shall readie bee,
I meane Bellauage, whence as citizens
That meant to ride for pleasure some small way,
You shall set forth.

THE DOWN-FALL OF ROBERT

Rob. Be it as thou dost say.
 Farewell a while.
 In spite of griefe, thy loue compels mee smile:
 But now our audience comes, wee must looke sad.
 Exit Iohn.

¶ Enter Queene *Elinor*, *Marian*, *Senloc*, *Lacie*, *Broghton*, *Warman*, *Robins* Stewarde. As they meete, *Iohn* whispers with *Marian*.

Que. How now my Lord of Huntington?
 The mistresse of your loue, faire *Marian*,
 Tels vs your sodaine rising from the banquet,
 Was but a humoz, which you meane to purge,
 In some high Tragicke lines, or Comick tells.
 Ro. Sit down faire Queen (y^e Prologues part is plait,
Marian hath tolde yee, what I had her tell)
 Sit downe Lord *Senloc*, *copin Lacy* sit,
 Sir *Gilbert Broghton*, yea, and *Warman* sit;
 Though you my steward be, yet for your gathering wit,
 I giue you place, sit downe, sit downe I say,

Sets them all downe.

Gods pittie sit; if must, it must be so:
 For you will sit, when I shall stande I knowe.
 And *Marian* (you) may sit among the rest,
 I pray yee doe, or else rise, stand apart,
 These helps shall be beholders of my smart.
 You that with ruthlesse eyes my sorowes see,
 And came prepar'd to feast at my sad fall,
 Whose enute, greedinesse, and ieaalousse
 Afforde mee sorowe endlesse, comfort small,
 Knowe what you knewe befoze, what you ordaine
 To crosse the spousall banquet of my loue,
 That I am outlawed by the Prior of *Dozke*,
 My traiterous vnle, and your trothlesse friend.

Smile

Earle of Huntingdon.

Smile you Queene Elinor? laughst thou Lord Sentloe?
Lacy lookst thou so blithe at my lament?
Broughton a smooth browe graceth your sterne face:
And you are merry Warman at my moone.
The Queene except, I doe you all despise:
You are a sort of lawning Sycophants,
That while the sun shine of my greatnesse dur'd;
Reuel'd out all my day for your delights,
And now yee see the blacke night of my woe
Overschade the beautie of my smiling good,
You to my griefe adde griefe, and are agreed
With that false Prioz, to reprive my ioyes
From execution of all happinesse.

War. Your honour thinks not ill of mee, I hope.

Rob. Iudas speakes first, with, master is it I?
No, my false Steward, your accounes are true,
You haue dishonoured mee, I woorthipt you,
You from a paltry pen and inkhorne clarke,
Bearing a buckram satchell at your belt,
Unto a Justice place I did preferre,
Where you vniustly haue my tenants rackt,
Wasted my treasure, and increast your stoz.
Your sire contented with a cottage pooze,
Your master shippe hath halles and mansions built,
Yet are you innocent, as cleare from guilt,
As is the rauenous mastiffe that hath spilt
The bloode of a whole flocke, yet lily comes
And couches in his kennell, with sineard chaps,
Out of my house, for yet my house it is,
And followe him yee catchpole bybed groomes:
For neither are ye Lords, nor Gentlemen,
That will be hired to wrong a Nobleman:
For hir'd yee were, last night, I knowe it I,
To be my guests, my faithlesse guests this day,
That your kinde hoste you trochlesse might betray:

THE DOWN FALL OF ROBERT
But hence, and helpe the Sheriffe at the dooze,
Pour worst attempt; fell traitors, as you see,
Quoide, or I will execute yee all,
Ere any execution come at mee, Runne away.
They ran away, so ends the tragedie.

Marian, by little Iohn, my minde you know,
If you will, doe: if not, why, be it so. Offers to goe in.

Qu. No words to me earle Robert ere you goe?

Rob. O to your Highnesse? yes, adieu proud Queene,
Had not you bene, thus pooze I had not bene. Exit.

Qu. Thou wzongst mee Robert, earle of Huntington,
And were it not for pittie of this maide,
I would reuenge the words that thou hast saied.

Mar. Ade not, faire Queene, distresse vnto distresse:
But if you can, for pittie make his lesse.

Que. I can and will forget deseruing hate,
And giue him comfort in this wofull state.

Marian, I knowe Earle Roberts whole desire
Is to haue thee with him from hence away;
And though I loued him dearely to this day;
Yet since I see hee dearlier loueth thee,
Thou shalt haue all the furtherance I may.
Tell mee faire girle, and see thou truly tell,
Whether this night, to morrowe, or next day,
There be no pointment for to mee te thy loue.

Mar. There is, this night there is, I will not lie,
And be it disappointed, I shall die.

Que. Alas pooze soule, my sonne, Prince Iohn my sou,
With seuerall troupes hath circuite the Court,
This house, the citie, that thou canst not scape.

Mar. I will away with death, though he be grim,
If they deny mee to goe hence with him.

Qu. Marian, thou shalt go with him clad in my attire,
And for a shift, Ile put thy garments on,
It is not mee, my sonne Iohn doth desire;

But

Earle of Huntingt on.

But Marian it is thee, he doeth on.
When thou and I are come into the field,
Or any other place where Robin staies,
See in thy clothes, the ambush will beset,
Thee in my robes they dare not once approach:
So while with mee a reasoning they stay,
At pleasure thou with him maist ride away.

mar, I am beholding to your Maiesty,
And of this plot will sende my Robin worde.

Qu. Nay, neuer trouble him, least it breede suspect:
But get thee in, and shift of thy attire,
My roabe is loose, and it will soone be off,
Goe gentle Marian, I will followe thee,
And from betrayers hands will set thee free.

mar. I thanke your Highnesse, but I will not trust ye,
My Robert shall haue knowledge of this shift:
For I conceiue alreadye your deepe dytt.

Qu. Now shall I haue my will of Huntington,
Who taking mee this night for Marian,
Will harry mee away in steade of her:
For hee dares not stand trifling to conferre:
Faith prettie Marian I shal meete with you,
And with your louely sweete heart Robert too:
For when wee come vnto a baiting place,
If with like loue my loue hee doe not grace,
Of treason capitall I will accuse him,
And guerdon his disdaine with guiltie death,
That of a Princes loue so lightly weighes. Exit.

¶ Enter little Iohn, fighting with the Sheriffe and his men,
Warman perswading him.

Io. Warman stand off, sitt tattle, tel not me what ye can do:
The goods I say are mine, and I say true.

War. I say the Sheriffe must see them ere they goe.

The down-fall of ROBERT

Ioh. You say so Warman, little Iohn saies no.

Shr. I say I must so; I am the kings Shyrene.

Ioh. Your must is false, your office I beleue.

Watch. Downe with him, downe with him.

Iohn. Ye barke at me like curres, but I will downe
Watch twentie (stand, and who goe theres) of you,
If yee stand long tempting my patience.

Why master Shyrene, thinke you mee a foole?

What iustice is there you should search my trunks,

Or stay my goods for that my master owes?

Shr. Here's Iustice Warman, steward to your Lord,
Suspectes some coyne, some Jewels, or some plate
That longs vnto your Lord, are in your trunks,
And the extent is out for all his goods:

Therefore wee ought to see none be conuast.

War. True little Iohn, I am the sojter.

Iohn. A plague vpon ye else, how soze ye weepe?

Why, say thou vpstart, that there were some helpe,

Some little little helpe in this distresse,

To aide our Lord and master comfortlesse;

Is it thy part, thou screenfac't snotty nose,

To hinder him that gaue thee all thou hast?

¶ Enter Iustice *Warman's* wife, odly attyred.

Wife. Whos that husband? you, you, means he you?

War. I her Lady is it, I thanke him.

Wif. Aye kneue you, gods pittie his hand, whydis not
your worshipp sende the kneue to Newgate?

Ioh. Well master Sherriffe, shall I passe or no?

Sher. Not without search.

Iohr. Then here the tasket stands,

Any, that dares, vnto it set their hands,

Let him beginne.

Wif. Doe his hand, you are a Palestie, pwarant ther's
olde knacks, cheins and other toys.

Iohn. But not so; you, good Adam bectle browes.

Wife

Wife. Out upon him. By my trusty master Justice, and ye doe not clap him by, I will sue a bill of remoyle, and neuer come betweene a pere of sheetes with pee. Such a knuce as this, downe with him I pray.

Scrypon him, He knockes some downe,

Wife. A good Lord, come not neere good husband, only charge him; charge him. A good God; helpe, helpe.

¶ Enter Prince *Iohn*, the Bishoppe of *Ely*, the Prior of *Torke*, with others, All stay.

P. Iohn. What tumult haue wee here? who doth resist
The kings wytes with such obstinate contempt?

Wife. This knaue.

War. This Rebell.

P. Iohn. How now little Iohn,
Haue you no moze discretion than you shewe?
Ely. Lay holte, and clappe the traitor by the heeles.

Iohn. I am no traitor, my good Lord of Ely,
First heare mee, then commit me if you please.

P. Ioh. Speake and be bryefe.

Ioh. Heere is a little bore,
Containing all my gettings twentie yeare;
Which is mine owne, and no mans but mine owne:
This they would rille, this I doe defend,
And about this we only doe contend.

P. Ioh. You doe the fellow wrong: his goods are his:
You only must extend upon the Carles.

Prior. That was my Lord; but nowe is Robert Hood,
A simple peoman as his seruants were.

Wife. Backe with that legge my Lord Prior:
There be some, that were his seruantes, thinke soule
scorne to be cald peomen.

Pri. I cry your worshippe mercy, mistresse Warman.
The squire your husband was his seruant once.

Ioh. A scurvie squire, with reuerence of these Lords,
wife.

Wife. Doo's he not speake treason p'p.

Ely. Sirra, yea are too saucie, get you hence.

War. But heare mee first, my Lords, with patience

This scoffing carelesse fellowe, little lohn,
Hath loaden hence a hoyle, twirt him and Much,
A silly rude knaue, Much the millers sonne.

¶ Enter *Much*, clowne.

Much. I am here to answer for my selfe, and haue taken you in two lies at once. First, much is no knaue, neither was it a hoyle little lohn and I loded, but a little curtalle, of some five handfuls high, lib to y^e Apes onely be aft at Parish garden.

Ioh. But master Warman, you haue loded carts,
And turnd my Lords goods to your proper vse:
Who euer hath the right, you doe the wrong,
And are

Wife. What is hee kneue?

Ioh. Unworthy to be named a man.

Much. And He be sworne for his wife,

Wife. I, so thou maist Nich.

Much. That shee sets newe markes of all my olde Ladies linnen (God rest her soule) & my young Lord neuer had them since.

Wife. Out, out, I tooke him them but to whiting, as God mend me.

Ely. Leau off this idle talke, get yee both hence.

Iohn. I thanke your Honours: wee are not in long to being here; wee must seeke seruice that are masterlesse.

Excunt *Much*, *Iohn*.

Ely. Lord B'ior of Yorke, here's your commission. You are best make speche, least in his country houses, By his appointment, all his heards be solde.

Pr. I thanke your Honour, taking humble leau. Exit.

Ely. And master VVarman, here's your Patent seald, For the high Sheriffewick of Noringham:

Earle of Huntington.

Except the king our master doe repeale
This gift of ours.

Pr. Ioh. Let him the while possesse it.

Ely. A gods name let him, he hath my good will. *Exit.*

P. Ioh. Well Warman, this proude Priest I can not
But to our other matter, send chy wife away. *(Swoke,*

War. Goe in god wife, the Prince with mee hath
priuete conference.

Wife. By my troth yee will anger mee: now yee haue
the Paterne, yee should call mee nothing but mistresse
Sheriff: for I tell you I stand upon my replications.

Exit.

P. Ioh. Thinkest thou that Marian meanes
To scape this euening hence with Robin Hood:
The horse boy tolde mee so, and here he comes,
Disguised like a citizen me thinks.

Warman lets in, ile sit him presently,

Only for Marian am I now his enemye. *Excunt.*

Enter Robin like a citizen.

Ro. Earle Iohn & Warman, two good friends of mine:

I thinke they knewe mee not, or if they did

I care not what can followe, I am sure

The sharpest ende is death, and that will come.

But what of death or sorowe doe I dreame?

By Marian, my faire life, my beauntious loue,

Is comming, to giue comfort to my grieffe,

And the say Queene, intending to deceiue,

Hath taught vs how we should her sleights deceiue.

But who is this? gods pittie, here's Prince Iohn,

We shall haue some good ruse with him anone.

P. Ioh. God euen sir: this cleare euening should portend

Some frost I thinke: how iudge you honest friend?

Rob. I am not weacherwise: but it may be,

Wee shall haue hard frost: for true charitie,

Good deaking, faithfull friendshippe, honestie,

The down-fall of Robert

Are chil-colde; deade with colde.

P. Ioh. D good sir, stay.

That frost hath lassed many a bitter day.

Knowe yee no frozen hearts that are belou'd?

Rob. Loue is a flame, a fire, that being mou'd,

Still brightet growes; but say, are you belou'd?

P. Ioh. I would be, if I be not: but passe that.

Are ye a dweller in this citie, pray?

Rob. I am: and for a Gentlewoman stay,
That rides some foure or five mile in great haste.

¶ Enter Queene, *Marian*.

P. Ioh. I see your labour, sir, is not in waste.

For here come two: are either of these yours?

Rob. Both are, one must.

P. Iohn. Which doe you most respect?

Rob. The youngest, and the fairest I relect.

P. Ioh. Robin, He try you whether yee say true.

Rob. As you wish mee, so Iohn ile least wish you.

Qu. *Marian*, let me goe first to Robin Hood,
And I will tell him what wee doe intend. (mine.)

War. Doe what your Highnesse please, your will is

P. Ioh. My mother is with gentle *Marian*:

It doth grieue her to be left behinde.

Qu. Shall we away my Robin, leaue the Queene

Betray our purpose, sweete let vs away:

I haue great will to goe, no heart to stay.

Rob. Away with thee: Do: get thee farre away

From mee soule *Marian*, faire though thou be nam'd:

For thy bewitching eyes haue raised stormes,

That haue my name and nobleste euer stain'd:

Since Iohn, my deare friend once, is now, for thee,

Become an vrelenting enemie,

P. Ioh. But ile relent, and loue thee, if thou leaue her.

Rob. And *Elinor* my Soueraignes mother Queene,

That yet retaines true passion in her breast,

Standes

Earle of Huntington.

Stands mourning ponder. Hence, I thee detest:
I will submit mee to her Maiestie.
Greate Princesse, if you will but ride with mee,
A little of my way, I will expresse
My folly past, and humble pardon beg.

Mar. I grant, earle Robert, and I thanke thee too.

Qu. She's not the Queene, sweete Robin it is I.

Rob. Hence Sozceresse, thy beauty I desire.
If thou haue any loue at all to mee,
Bestowe it on Prince Iohn: he loueth thee.

Exeunt Robin, marian.

P. Ioh. And I will loue thee Robin, for this deepe,
And helpe thee too, in thy distressed full neede.

Qu. Wilt thou not stay nor speake, proud Huntington?
My mee, some whirlewinde hurries them away.

P. Ioh. Follow him not faire loue, that from thee flies:
But sit to him that gladly follows thee.

Wilt thou not gile? turnst thou away from mee?
Qu. Nay, we shall haue it then,

If my queint sonne, his mother gin to court.

P. Ioh. Wilt thou not speake, faire marian, to prince Iohn,
That loues thee well?

Qu. Good sir I know you doe.

Prin. That can maintaine thee?

Qu. I, I know you can:

But hitherto I haue maintained you.

Prin. My princely mother?

Qu. I, my princely sonne.

Prin. Is marian then gone hence with Huntington?

Qu. I, she is gone, ill may they either thrite.

Prin. Whether, they must goe whom the diuell ozies.

For your sharpe furie, and infernall rage,

Your scoone of mee, your spite to marian,

Your ouer-dotting ioue to Huntington,

Path crost your selfe, and mee it hath undone.

The down-fall of Robert

Qu. I, in mine owne deceit, haue met deceit:
In brieft, the manner thus I will repeate;
I knewe, with malice that the **Prin.** of **Porke**
Purlu'd **Carle Robert**; and I furdred it;
Though **God** can tell for loue of **Huntington**.
For thus I thought, when he was in extreames,
Neede, & my loue would winne some good regarde
From him to mee, If I relieu'd his want.
To this end came I to the mock-spouse feast:
To this end made I change for **marians** weede,
That me, for her, **Carle Robert** should receiue:
But now I see they both of them agreed,
In my deceit, I might my selfe deceiue.
Come in with mee, come in and meditate
How to turne loue, to neuer changing hate. **Exit.**

Prin. In by your selfe: I passe not for your spels.
Of youth and beaute still you are the foe:
The curse of **Rosamond** rests on your head,
Fairer **Rose** confounded by your cankers hate.
O that he were not as to mee he is,
Another, whom by nature I must loue,
Then would I tell her shee were too too base,
To dote thus on a banisht carelesse groom;
Then should I tell her that shee were too fond,
To thrust faire **Marian** to an exiles hand.

¶ Enter a messenger from **Ely**.

mess. My **Lord**, my **Lord** of **Ely** sends for you,
About important businesse of the state.

Prin. Tell the proude **Bisshope** I am not dispos'd,
Nor in estate to come at his commaunde.

Smite him, hee bleedes.

Be gon with that, or tarry and take this.
I wouns are yee listning for an after-arrant?
Ile followe, with reuengefull murderous hate,
The banisht, beggerd, banktout **Huntington**.

Enter

¶ Enter *Simon, earle of Leicester.*

Ley. How now *Prince Iohn's* bodie of mee, I muse
What mad moodes colse yee, in this bulke time,
To wound the messenger that *Ely* sent,
By our consents: ysaith yee did not well.

Prin. Leyster, I meant it *Ely*, not his man;
His seruants heade but bleedeth: hee headlesse shall
From all the issues of his traitor necke,
Poure streames of blood, till he be bloodlesse left:
By carth it shall, by heauen it shall be so,
Leister, it shall though all the world say no.

Lci. It shall, it shall, but how shall it be done?
Not with a stormie tempest of sharpe words,
But slowe, still speeches, and effecting deedes.
Here comes olde *Lacy* and his brother *Hugh*.
One is our friend, the other is not true.

¶ Enter *Lord Lacy, sir Hugh; and his boy.*

Lacy. Hence trechour as thou art: by Gods blessmother
He lop thy legges off, though thou be my brother,
If with thy flatering tongue thou seeke to hide
Thy traiterous purpose. Ah pooze *Huntington*,
How in one houre haue villaines thee vndone?

Hugh. If you will not beleue what I haue sworne,
Conceypt your worst. By Lord of *Ely* knowes
That what I say, is true.

La. Still facest thou?

Draue boy, and quickly see that thou defende thee.

Lci. Patience *Lord Lacy*, get you gon *sir Hugh*,
Prouoke him not, for he hath tolde you true:
You knowe it, that I knowe the *Prioz* of *Yorke*,
Together with my good *Lord Chauncello*,
Corrupted you, *Lord Sentloc*, *Broughton*, *Warman*,
To feast with *Robert* on his day of fall.

Hugh. They lie that say it; I deske yee all.

Prin. Now by the Rode thou lyest. *Warman* himselfe,

That creeping Iudas, toyed, and tolde it mee.

Lacy. Let mee, my Lords, reuenge me of this wretch,
By whome my daughter and her loue were lost.

Prin. For her, let mee reuenge: with bitter cost,
Shall sir Hugh Lacy and his fellowes buy
Faire Marians losse, lost by their treachery.
And thus I pay it.

Stabs him, he falles, boy runnes in,

Leist. Sure payment Iohn.

Lacy. There let the villaine lie:

For this, olde Lacie honours thee, p.ince Iohn,
One trecherous soule; is sent to answere wzong.

¶ Enter Ely, Chester, officers, Hugh Lacies boy.

Boy. Here, here, my Lord,

Looke where my master lies.

Ely. What murvzous had hath kild this gentle knight,
Good sir Hugh Lacy, steward of my lands?

Prin. Ely, he died by this princely hand.

Ely. Unprincely deed. Death asketh death you know.

Ely. Arrest him officers.

Prin. O sir, Me obey, you will take baile, I hope.

Chest. 'Tis moze, sir, than hee may.

Lei. Chester, he may by lawe, and therefore shall.

Ely. Who are his baile?

Lei. I.

Lacy. And I.

Ely. You are confederates.

Prin. Holy Lord, you lye.

Chest. Be reuerent, Prince Iohn: my Lord of Ely,
You knowe, is Regent for his Maiestie.

Prin. But here are Letters from his Maiestie,
Sent out of Ioppa, in the holy land,
To you, to these, to mee, to all the State;
Containing a repeale of that large graunt,

And

Earle of Huntington.

And free authoritie to take the seale,
Into the hands of three Lords temporall,
And the Lord Archbishoppe of Roan, he sent.
And hee shall yielde it: or as Lacy lies,
Desertfully, for pride and treason stabd,
He shall ere long lye. Those that intend as I
Followe this steely ensigne, lift on high.

Lifts vp his drawne sword:

Exit, cum Lester and Lacy.

Ely. A thousand thousand ensignes of sharpe Steele,
And feathered arrowes, from the bowe of death,
Against proud Iohn, wrongd Ely will imploy.
My Lord of Chester, let mee haue your aide,
To lay the pride of haute vsurping Iohn.

Chest. Some other course than warre let vs bethinke:
If it may be, let not vnciuill boyles,
Our ciuill hands defile.

Ely. God knowes that I,
For quiet of the Realme, would ought forbear:
But giue mee leaue, my noble Lord to feare,
When one, I dearely lou'd, is murdered,
Under the colour of a little wrong,
Done to the wastfull earle of Huntington:
Whom Iohn, I knowe, doth hate vnto the death,
Only for loue he beaues to Lacies daughter.

Chest. My Lord, its plaine this quarrel is but pickt
For an inducement to a greater ill:
But wee will call the Counsell of Estate,
At which the mother Queene shall present be:
Thither by summons shall Prince Iohn be calld,
Lester and Lacy, who, it seemes,
Fauour some factious purpose of the Prince.

Ely. You haue aduised well, my Lord of Chester,
And as you counsell, so doe I conclude. Exeunt.

D

Enter

The down-fall of Robert

¶ Enter Robin Hood, Matilda, at one doore, little Iohn,
and Much the millers sonne at another doore.

Much. Luck I beseech thee, Harry and amen,
Blessing betide him, it be them indeede,
Ah my good Lord, for and my little Ladie.

Rob. What? Much and Iohn, well met in this ill time.

Ioh. In this good time my Lord, for being met,
The world shall not depart vs till wee die.

Mat. Saist thou mee so Iohn? as I am true maide,
If I liue long, well shall thy loue be paid.

Much. Well, there be on vs, simple though wee stand
here, haue as much loue in hem as little Iohn.

Mat. Much, I confesse thou louest mee very much,
And I will moze reward it than with words.

Much. Nay I know that, but wee millers children
loue the cogge a little, and the faire speaking.

Rob. And is it possible that Warmans spite
Should stretch so farre, that he doth hunt the lynes,
Of bonnie Scarlet, and brother Scathlock.

Much. O, I sir. Warman came but yesterday to take
charge of the Gaile at Nottingham, and this day he saies
he will hang the two outlawes: he meanes to set them
at libertie.

Mat. Such libertie God send the pteuth wretch
In his most neede.

Rob. Now by my honours hope,
Yet buried in the lowe dust of disgrace,
He is too blame: say Iohn, where must they die?

Ioh. Ponders their mothers house, and here the tree,
Whereon (poore men) they must forgoe their lynes:
And ponder comes a lazie, lozell Frier,
That is appointed for their confessor,
Who when we brought your monie to their mothers:
Was wishing her to patience for their deaths.

Enter

Earle of Huntington.

¶ Enter Frier Tucke, and Ralphe, Warmans man.

Ra. I am timorous sir, that the prigioners are passed from the Taile.

Fri. Soft sirra, by my order I protest,
Ye are too forward: tis no game, no least
We goe about.

Rob. Matilda, walke afoze,
To widowe Scarlets house: looke where it stands:
Much, man your Ladie: little Iohn and I
Will come vnto you thither presently.

Much, Come Madame, my Lord has pointed the pro-
perer man to goe befoze yee.

mat. Be carefull Robin in this time of feare,

Exit Much, Matilda.

Fri. Now by the reliques of the holy Masse,
A prettie girle, a very bonny lasse.

Rob. Frier, how like you her?

Fri. Mary, by my hooide,
I like her well, and with her nought but good.

Rafe, Dee protract master Frier, I obsecrate ye with
all curtesie, omitting complement, you would vouch,
oz deligne to proceede.

Fri. Deligne, vouch, protract, complement, obsecrate?
Why good man tricks, who taught you thus to prate?
Your name, your name, were you neuer christned?

Ra. My nomination Radulfe is oz Ralph,
Vulgars corruptly vse to call mee Rafe.

Fri. O foule corruption of base palliardize,
When idioes witlesse trauell to be wise.
Age barbarous, times impious, men vitious,

Able to vpraise,
Ben deade many daies,
That wonted to praise,
The Rimes and the lates
Of Poets Laureate,

The down-fall of Robert

Whose verbe did decorate,
And their lines illustrate
Both Prince and Potentate.
These from their graues,
See asses and knaues,
Base idiot slaues,
With boastings and bzaues,
Offer to vprtie,
To the heauens bie,
With vaine foolery,
And rude ribaldry.
Some of them write
Of beastly delight,
Suffering their lines,
To flatter these times,
With Pandarisme base,
And lust doe vncafe,
From the placket to the papper:
God send them ill happe.
Some like quaint pedants,
Good wits true recreants,
Pee cannot beseech
From pure Priscian speech.
Diuers as nice,
Like thysodde vice,
Are wordmakers daily.
Others in curtsie
When euer they meete pee,
With newe fashions greece pee,
Chaunging each congee,
Sometime beneath knee,
With, good sir, pardon mee,
And much more foolerie,
Paltry, and foppyy,
Dissembling knauery:

Earle of Huntington.

Hands sometime kissing,
But honestie missing.
God giue no blessing,
To such base counterfaiting.

Ioh. Stoppe matter Skelton: whither will you runne?
Fri. Gods pittie sir Iohn Elcam, little Iohn,
I had forgotte my selfe; but to our play:
Come, good man fashions, let vs goe our way,
Unto this hanging businesse: would, for mee,
Some rescue, or repreeue might set them free.

Exeunt Frier, Ralph.

Robin. Heardst thou not, little Iohn, y^e Friers speech,
Asking for rescue, or a quicke repreeue?

Ioh. He seemes like a good fellowe, my good Lord.

Rob. He's a good fellowe Iohn, vpon my word.

Lend mee thy hozne, and get thee in to Much,
And when I blowe this hozne, come both & helpe mee.

Ioh. Take heed my Lord: y^e villaine Warman knows you,
And ten to one, he hath a wytt against you. (Dwell,

Rob. Fear not: below y^e bridge a poore blind man doth
With him I will change my habit, and disguise,
Only be readie when I call for yee:

For I will saue their liues, if it may bee.

Ioh. I will doe what you would immediatly.

¶ Enter Warman, Scarlet, and Scathlock bounde, Frier
Tuck as their confessor, Officers with halberts.

War. Master Frier, be byiese, delay no time:
Scarlet and Scathlock, neuer hope for life,
Here is the place of execution,
And you must answer lawe, for what is done.

Scar. Well, if there be no remedie, we must:

Though it ill seemeth Warman, thou shouldst bee

The down-fall of Robert

So bloodie to pursue our liues thus cruellie.

Scar. Our mother sa'd thee frō y gallowes, Warman,
His father did preferre thee to thy Lord:

One mother had wee both, and both our fathers,
To thee and to thy father, were kinde friends.

Fri. Good fellowes, here you see his kindnesse ends:
What he was once, hee doth not now consider:
You must consider of your many finnes:

This day, in death, your happinesse beginnes.

Scar. If you account it happinesse, good frrier,
To heare vs companie, I you desire:

The more the merrier, wee are honest men.

War. We were first outlaws, then ye proued theenes,
And now all carelesly pee scoffe at death:

Both of your fathers were good honest men;

Your mother liues, their widowe, in good fame:

But you are scapethrifes, vnrhifes, billanes knaues,
And as pee liu'd by thifts, shall die with shame.

Scar. Warman, good words, for all your bitter deedes:
All speech, to wretched men, is more than needs.

¶ Enter Raphe, running.

Ra. Sir, retire pee, for it hath thus succeeded, the car-
nifex, or executoz, riding on an ill curtall, hath tituba-
ted or stumbled, and is now crippled, with broken or
fracted shiards, & sending you tidings of successe, saith,
your selfe must be his deputie.

War. All luck; but sirra, you shall serue the turne:
The cords that binde them, you shall hang them in.

Ra. How are you, sir, of mee opiniated? Not to possesse
your seneschalshyp, or shersualtie, not to be earle of
Notingham, will Ralph be nominated by the base scan-
dalous vociferation of a hangman.

¶ Enter Robin Hood, like an old man.

Rob. Where is the shreue, kinde friends? I you beseech,
With his good worshipp, let mee haue some speech.

Fri,

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. Here is the Sheriffe, father, this is hee.

Rob. Frier, good alms, & many blessings thank thee,
Sir, you are welcome to this troublous heere:
Of this daies execution did I heare.

Scarlet and Scathlocke murdered my young sonne,
Wee haue they robd, and helpelesly vndoone.

Renenge I would, but I am olde and byp:
Wherefoze, sweete master, for saint charitie,
Since they are bound, deliuer them to mee,
That for my sons blood, I reueng'd may bee.

Scar. This old man lies, we nere did him such wrong.

Rob. I doe not lie, you woce it too too well,
The deede was such, as you may shame to tell.
But I with all intreats might not preuaile
With your sterne stubbozne mindes, bent all to blood.
Shall I haue such reuenge then master Sheriffe,
That with my sonnes losse, may suffice my selfe?

Robin whispers with them.

War. Doe father what thou wilt, for they must die.

Fri. I neuer heard them toucht with bloode till now.

War. Notozious villanes, & they made their bzags,
The earle of Huntington would saue their liues:
But hee is doونه the winde, as all such shall,
That reuell, wast and spende, and take no care.

Rob. By hozne once winded, He vnbinde my belt,
Whereat the swords and bucklers are fast tied.

Scath. Thankes to your Honour. Father we confesse,
And were our armes vnbounde, we would vpheau
Our sinfull hands with sozrowing hearts to heauen.

Ro. I will vnbinde you, with the Sheriffes leau.

War. Doe: helpe him Ralphe; go to them master frier.

Robin. And as yee blew your hozns, at my sons death,
So will I sound your knell, w my best breath:

Sound his horne.

And here's a blade, that hangeth at my belt,

The down-fall of Robert

Shall make ye feele in death, what my sonne felt.

¶ Enter little *John, Much, Scarlet* and *Scarblock*: Fight: the Frier, making as if he helpt the Sheriffe, knockes downe his men, crying, keepe the kings peace.

Ralph. They must be hangd father:

Rob. Thy master and thy selfe supply their roomes, Warman, approach mee not, tempt not my wꝛath. For if thou doe, thou diest remediless.

War. It is the outlawed earle of Huntington, Downe with him Frier: oh thou dost mistake. Fly Ralph, wee die else, let vs raise the hire.

Sheriffe runnes away, and his men.

Fri. Farewell earle Robert, as I am true Frier, I had rather be thy clarke, then serue the Pꝛior.

Rob. A iolly fellowe, Scarlet knowest thou him? Scar. Hee is of Pozke, and of Saint maries Cloister: There where your greedie uncle is Lord Pꝛior.

Much. O murren on ye, haue you two scap't hanging? Harke yee my Lord, these two fellows kept at Barnsdale leauen ycare, to my knowledge, and no man

Rob. Here is no hiding matters, get yee in, Take a short blessing at your mothers hands: Much, beare them companie, make Matilda merry: Iohn and my selfe will followe presently.

Iohn, on a sonaſne thus I am resolu'd, To keepe in Sherewoode, till the kings returne, And being outlawed, leade an outlawes life. (Seauen yeares these brethren, being yeomens sons, Lived and scap't the malice of their foes)

How thinkest thou little Iohn of my intent?

Iohn. I like your Honours purpose exceeding well.

Rob. May, no more honour, I pray thee little Iohn: Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,

Matilda

Earle of Huntington.

Mailda shall be my maide Marian,
Come Iohn, friends all, for now begins the game:
And after our deserts, so growe our fame. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter Prince *Iohn* and his Lords, with souldiers.

Prin. Now is this Comet shot into the sea,
Or lies like flime, vpon the sullen earth:
Come, he is deade, else should we heare of him.

Salf. I knowe not what to thinke herein, my Lord,

Fitz. Ely is not the man I tooke him for,

I am afrayde wee shall haue worse than hee.

Ioh. Why good Fitzwater, whēce doth spring your feare?

Fitz. Him for his pride, we lustily haue suppress:

But prouder climbers are about to rise.

Salf. Name them Fitzwater, know you any such?

Ioh. Fitzwater meanes not any thing, I know:

For if he did, his tongue would tell his heart.

Fitz. An argument of my free heart, my Lord,

That lets the world be witnesse of my thought.

When I was taught, true dealing kept the schoole:

Deeds were sworne partners with professing words:

We said and did, these say and neuer meane.

This vnsart protestation of no proofe:

This, I beseech you let accept my loue;

Commaund mee, vse mee, if you are too blame,

That doe neglect my euertasting zeale,

My deare, my kinde affect: when God can tell,

A sodaine puffe of winde, a lighning flash,

I babble on the streame doth longer dure,

Than doth the purpose of these promise bide.

I blame vpon this peeuish Apish age,

These crouching hypocrite dissembling times.

Well, well, God is the Patron of these crimes,

Out of this land, I haue an inward feare,

That this ill, well seeming, sinne, will be bought deare.

¶

Salf.

The down-fall of Robert

Salf. My Lord Fitzwater is inspir'd I thinke.

Prin. I, with some diuell; let the olde foole dote.

¶ Enter Queene mother, Chester, Sheriffe, Kent
souldiers.

Qu. From the pursuing of the hateful Priest,
And bootlesse search of Ely are wee come.

Prin. And welcome is your sacred Matetrie.

And Chester welcome too, against your will.

Chest. Unwilling men come not without constraint:

But uncompeld comes Chester to this place,

Telling thee Iohn, that thou art much too blame.

To chafe hence Ely, Chaunceloz to the king,

To set thy footestepes on the cloath of state,

And seate thy body in thy brothers throne.

Salf. Who should succede the brother, but the brother?

Chest. If one were deade, one should succede another.

Qu. My sonne is king, my son then ought to reigne.

Fitz. One sonne is king, the State allows not twaine.

Salf. The subjects many yeares the king haue mist.

Che. But subjects must not chuse what king they list.

Qu. Richard hath conquered kingdomes in the East.

Fitz. A signe hee will not looke this in the West.

Salf. By Salsburies Honour I will follow Iohn.

Chest. So Chester will, to Gunne commotion.

Qu. Why Iohn shall be but Richards deputie.

Fitz. To that, Fitzwater gladly doth agree.

And looke to't Lady, winde king Richards loue:

As you will answer't, doe the king no wrong.

Qu. Well said old conscience, you keep still one long.

Prin. In your contentious humours noble Lords,

Peeres, and vpholders of the English State,

Iohn silent stood, as one that did awaite

What sentence yee determin'd for my life.

But since you are agreed that I shall heare

The weightie burthen of this kingdomes state,

Earle of Huntington.

Till the returne of Richard, our dread king:
I doe accept the charge, and thanke you all,
That think me worthe of so great a place.

All. Wee all confirme you Richards deputie.

Sals. Now shall I plague proud Chester.

Qu. Sit you lure Firzwater.

Chest. For peace, I yeld to wrong.

Prin. How olde man, for your daughter.

Firz. To see w^hog rule, my eyes run streams of water.

A noyse within.

¶ Enter a Collier, crying a monster.

Col. A monster, a monster: bring her out Robla, a
monster, a monster. (art^r)

Sals. Peace gaping fellowe: knowest thou where thou

Col. Why? I am in Kent, within a mile of Douer.

Sbloud, where I am, peace, and a gaping fellowe:

For all your dagger, wert not for your ging,

I would knocke my whippstocke on your adde head.

Come out with the monster, Robin.

Within. I come, I come, helpe mee the scrats.

Col. Hee gee her the lath: come out yee bearded witch.

Bring forth Ely, with a yarde in his hand, and lin-
nen cloath, drest like a woman.

Ely. Good fellowes let mee goe, there's gold to drinke.

I am a man, though in a womans weedes.

Ponders Prince Iohn, I pray yee let mee goe.

Qu. What rude companions haue we yonder Salsbury?

Col. Shall we take his money?

2. Col. No, no; this is the thiefe that robd master
mighels, and came in like a woman in labour; I war-
rant yee.

Sals. Who haue yee here, honest colliers?

2. Col. A monster, a monster: a woman with a bearde,
a man in a petticoate. A monster, a monster.

Sals. What my good Lord of Ely, is it you?

The down-fall of Robert

Ely is taken, here's the Chauncelour.

1. Col. Whay God wee be not hangd for this tricke?

Qu. What my good Lord?

Ely. I, I, ambitious Lade.

Prin. Who, my Lord Chauncelour?

Ely. I, you proud vsurper.

Sals. What, is your surplesse turned to a smock?

Ely. Peace Salisbury, thou changing weathercocke.

Chest. Alas my Lord, I grieue to see this sight.

Ely. Chester, it will be day for this darke night.

Fitz. Ely, thou wert the foe to Huntington.

Robin thou knewest, was my adopted sonne:

O Ely, thou to him wert too too cruell,

With him fled hence Matilda, my faire Jewell:

For their wrong Ely, and thy hauntie pride,

I helpt earle Iohn: but now I see thee lowe,

At thy distresse, my heart is full of woe,

Qu. Needes must I see Fitzwaters ouerthrowe?

Iohn, I affect him not, he loues not thee,

Remoue him Iohn, least thou remooued bee.

Prin. Dother, let mee alone: by one and one,

I will not leaue one, that enuies our good.

My Lord of Salisbury, giue these hanest colliers,

For taking Ely, each a hundred markes,

Sals. Come fellowes, goe with mee.

Col. Thanke yee saith: farewell monster.

Exeunt Salisbury, colliers.

Prin. Sheriffe of Kenc, take Ely to your charge,

From Shreeue to Shreeue, send him to Noringham:

Where Warman, by our Patent, is high Shreeue.

There as a traitor let him be close kept,

And to his triall wee will follow straight.

Ely. A traitor, Iohn?

Pr. Ioh. Doe not expostulate.

You at your trial shal haue time to pstate. Exeunt cū Ely.

Fitz:

Firz. God for thy pittie, what a time is here?
Pri. Right gracious mother, wold your self & Chester
Would but withdraue you for a little space,
While I confere wth my good Lord Fitzwater.

Qu. My Lord of Chester, will you walke aside?
Che. Whether your Highnesse please, thither I wil.
O Exeunt Chester, Queene.

Prin. Souldiers, attend the person of our mother. Exeūt.
Noble Fitzwater, now wee are alone,
What oft I haue desir'd, I will intreate,
Touching Macilda, fled with Huntington.
Firz. Of her what wold you touch? Touching her flight,
She is fledde hence with Robert, her true knight.

Prin. Robert is outlawed, and Macilda free.
Why throught his fault, should she exiled be?
She is your comfort, all your ages blisse.
Why should your age, so great a comfort misse?
She is all Englands beaultie, all her pride.
In forren lands, why should that beaultie hide?
Call her againe Fitzwater, call againe
Guiltlesse Macilda, beaulties soueraigne.

Firz. I graunt prince Iohn, Macilda was my toy,
And the faire sunne, that kept old winters frost,
From griping deade the marrowe of my bones.
And she is gone, yet where she is, God wote,
Aged Fitzwater truly guessteth not:
But where she is, there is kinde Huntington:
Watch my faire daughter, is my noble sonne.
If he may neuer be recal'd againe,
To call Macilda backe it is in vaine.

Prin. Liuing with him, she liues in vitious state,
For Huntington is excommunicate:
And till his debts be paid, by Romes decreet,
It is agreed, absolu'd he can not be:
And that can neuer be. So neuer wife,

But in a loath'd abominous beggers life,
Must faire maile & liue: this you may amend,
And winne Prince Iohn your euer durning friend.

Fitz. As how, as how?

Prin. Cal her from him: bring her to Englands Court,
Where like faire Phoebe, she may sit as Queene,
Ouer the sacred Honorable maids,
That doe attend the royall Queene, my mother.
There shall thee liue a Princes Cynthia,
And Iohn will be her true Endimion.

Fitz. By this construction, he should be the Doone,
And you would be the man within the Doone.

Prin. A pleasant exposition, good Fitzwater:

But if it fell so out, that I fell in,
You of my full toyes should be chiefe partaker.

Fitz. Iohn I desire thee, by my Honours hope,
I will not heare this hale indignitee:

Take to thy tooles, thinke thou a Nobles man
Will be a Pandar to his proper childe?

For what intendst thou else? seeing I knowe,
Carle Clepstones daughter is thy married wife.

Come, if thou be a right Plantaginee,
Draue and defende thee: oh our Ladie helpe

True English Lords, from such a tyrant Lord.

What, dost thou thinke I feare? Day by the Roode,
He loose my life, or purge thy lustfull bloode.

Prin. What my olde Ruffian, lye at your wardes
Haue at your stoward bosome, olde Fitzwater.

Fight: Iohn falles, Enter Queene, Chester, Salisbury
hastily.

Fitz. O that thou werste not Royal Richards brother,
Thou shouldst here die in presence of thy mother.

Iohn rises, all compasse Fitzwater, Fitzwater chafes.

What is he by? May Lords, then giue vs leaue.

Chest. What meanes this rage Fitzwater?

Earle of Huntington.

Qu. Lay hands upon the Bedlam, traitorous wretch.

Prin. Nay hate him hence: & heare you old Fitzwater?
See that you stay not five daies in the Realm:
For if you doe, you die remedlesse.

Fitz. Speak Lords, do you confirme what he hath said?

All. He is our Prince, and he must be obeyd.

Fitz. Harken earle Iohn, but one word will I say.

Prin. Iohn, I will not heare thee, neither will I stay.
Thou knowest thy time. Exit.

Fitz. Will not your Highnesse heare?

Qu. No: thy Matilda robb mee of my deare. Exit.

Fitz. I aided thee in battell Salisbury.

sall. Prince Iohn is ingourd, I dare not stay with thee,
Fitz. Gainst thee and Ely, Chester, was I foe?

And dost thou stay to aggrauate my woe?

Chest. No, good Fitzwater, Chester doth lament
Thy wrong, thy sodaine banishment.

Whence grue the quarrell twixt the Prince and thee?

Fitz. Chester, the diuell tempted old Fitzwater,
To be a Pandar to his only daughter,

And my great heart (impatient) forst my hand,

In my true Honours right to challenge him.

Alas the while, wrong will not be reprou'd.

Chest. Farewell Fitzwater: where soere thou bee,
By letters, I beseech thee, send to mee. Exit.

Fitz. Chester, I will, I will.

Heauens curse, for good, this woe, this wrong, this ill.

Exit.

¶ Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes at
seuerall doores. To them enter Robin Hood, Matilda
all in greene, Scathlockes mother, Much, little Iohn, all
the men with bowes and arrowes.

Rob. Widow, I with thee homeward now to wend:
Least Walmans malice worke thee any wrong.

The down-fall of Robert

Wid. Matter I will, and mickle good attende
On thee, thy loue, and all these peomen strong.

Mar. Forget not widowe, what you promise mee.

Much. O I mistresse, for gods sake lets haue linny.

Wid. You shall haue linny sent you w all speede.

Sonnes farewell, and by your mothers reede,

Loue well your master: blessing euer fall

On him, your mistresse, and these peomen fall. Exi.

Much. God be with you mother, haue much minde I
pray on Much, your sonne, and your daughter linny.

Rob. And once moze, folly huntsmen, all your hozns:

Whose thyll sound, with the ecchoing woods assid,

Shall ring a sad knell for the fearefull Deere,

Before our feathered shafts, deaths winged darts,

Bring to daime summons for their fatal ends.

Scar. Its ful seaucn years since we were outlawed first,

And wealchy Sherewood was our heritage:

For all thole yeares we raigned vncontrolde:

From Barnsdale thozgs, to Nottinghams red cliffes,

At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests.

Good George a Greene at Bradford was our friend,

And wanton Wakefields Pinner lou'd vs well.

At Barnsley dwels a Potter tough and strong,

That neuer brookt, we brychren should haue wrong.

The Nunnes of Farnsfield, pretty Nunnes they bee,

Gaue napkins, Girts, and bands to him and mee.

Baceman of Kendall, gaue vs Kendall greene,

And Sharpe of Leedes, sharpe arrowes for vs made:

At Rotheram dwelt our bowyer, God him blisse,

Iackson he hight, his bowes did neuer misse.

This for our good, our scathe let Scathlocke tell,

In merry Mansfield, how it once befell.

Scath. In merry Mansfield, on a wrestling day,

Prizes there were, and peomen came to play:

My brother Scarlet and my selfe were twaine:

Many

Earle of Huntington.

Many resisted, but it was in vaine,
For of them all we wonne the mastery,
And the gilt wreathes, were giuen to him and mee.
There by sir Doncaster of Hethersfield,
Wee were bewraid, beset, and forst to yeld:
And so hozne bound, from thence to Noringham,
Where we lay doom'd to death, till Warman came.

Rob. Of that enough. What cheere my dearest loue?
much. O good cheare anone sir, he shall haue venison
her bellyfull.

Mat. Matilda is as toyfull of thy good,
As toy can make her: how fares Robin Hood?

Rob. Well my matilda, and if thou agree,
Nothing but mirth shall waite on thee and mee.
mat. O God, how full of perfect mirth were I,
To see thy griefe turnd to true iollitie!

Rob. Giue me thy hand; now gods curse on me light,
If I forlake not griefe, in griefes despight.
Much, make a cry, and peomen stand yee round:
I charge yee neuer moze let woefull sound
Be heard among yee; but what euer fall,
Laugh griefe to scozne; and so make sorowes small.
Much, make a cry, and loudly little Iohn.

Much, O God, O God, helpe, helpe, helpe, I am vndoone,
I am vndoone.

Ioh. Why how now Much: peace, peace, you roaring
flaue.

Much. My master bid mee cry, and I will cry till hee
bid me leaue: Helpe, helpe, helpe: I mary will I.

Rob. Peace much; reade on the Articles good Iohn.

Ioh. First, no man must presume to call our master,
By name of Earle, Lord, Baron, Knight, or Squire:
But simply by the name of Robin Hood.

Rob. Say peomen, to this order will ye yelde:

All. We yeld to serue our master Robin Hood.

The down-fall of Robert

John. Next tis agreed (if therto thee agree)
That faire Mailda henceforth change her name,
And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode,
To liue in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
She, by maid marians name, be only cald.

mar. I am contented; reade on little John,
Henceforth let me be nam'd maid Marian.

John. Thirdly no yeoman, following Robin Hoode
In Sherewod, shall vse widowe, wife, or maid,
But by true labour, lustfull thoughts expell.

Rob. How like yee this?

All. Pastur, we like it well.

muc. But I cry no to it. What shall I do wth liimy then?
Scar. Peace much; goe forwarde with the orders, sel-
lowe John.

John. Fourthly, no passenger with whom ye meete,
Shall yee let passe till hee with Robin featt;
Excepte a Poast, a Carrier, or such folke,
As vse with foode to serue the market townes.

All. An order which we gladly will obserue.

John. Fifthly, you neuer shall the poore man wrong,
Nor spare a Priest, a vsurer, or a clarke.

muc. Nor a faire wench, meete we her in the barke.

John. Lastly, you shall defend with all your power,
Maids, widowes, Orphanes, and distressed men.

All. All the se wee vowe to keepe, as we are men.

Rob. Then wend ye to the Greenewod merrily,
And let the light Roes boorlesse from yee runne.

Marian and I, as Soueraigns of your toyles,
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes spoiled.

muc. He among them master.

Exeunt winding their hornes.

Rob. Marian, thou seest though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country spoze, in Sherewodde is not scant;
For the soule-rauishing delicious sound

Earle of Huntington.

Of instrumentall musique, we haue found
The winged quiriſters, with diuers notes,
Sent from their qualat recozding prettie throats,
On euery bzaunch that compasseth our bowler:
Without commaund, contenting vs each hower.
For Aras hangings, and rich Tapestrie,
We haue sweete natures best imbroyery.
For thy steele glasse, wherein thou worst to looke,
Thy Christfall eyes, gaze in a Christfall brooke,
At Court, a flower of two did decke thy head:
Now with whole garlands is it circled.
For what in wealth we want, we haue in flowers,
And what wee loole in halles, we finde in bowers.

mar. Marian hath all, sweete Robert, hauing thee;
And guesſes thee as rich, in hauing mee.

Rob. I am inoebe:

For hauing thee, what comfozt can I neede?

mar. Goe in, goe in.

To part such true loue Robin, it were sinne, Exeunt.

¶ Enter Prior, sir *Doncaster*, Frier *Tucke*.

Pri. To take his bodie, by the blessed Roode,
I wold doe me moze, than any other, good.

Don. tis an vnrchrist, still the Churchmens foe,
An ill end will betide him, that I knowe.

It was hee that brg'd the king to selle the clergie,
When to the holy land he tooke his iorney:

And he it is that rescued those two theeues,
Scarlet and Scarchlocke; that so manie grieues

To Churchmen did: and now they say,
Hee keepes in Sherewod, and himselſe poyth play

The lawlesse Rener: heare you, my Lord Prior,
He must be taken, or it will be wrong.

Pri. I, and he shall bee to.

Tuc. I, tis soone ſed: But ere he be, many wil lie deade:
Except it be by sleight.

The down-fall of Robert

Don. I there, there, Frier.

Tuck. Giue mee my Lord your execution.
The widowe Scarlets daughter, louely linny,
Loues, and is belou'd of much the millers sonne,
If I can get the girle to goe with mee,
Disguis'd in habit, like a Pedlers mozt,
He serue this Execution, on my life,
And single out a time alone to take
Robin, that often carelesse walkes alone.
Why? answere not, remember what I saide,
Vnder I see comes linny, that faire maide:
If wee agree, then back me soone with aide.

¶ Enter linny with a fardle,

Prior. Tuck if thou doe it,

Don. Wray you doe not talke.

As we were strangers, let vs carelesse walke.

lin. Now to the greene wodde wend I, god me speede.

Tuck. Amen faire maid, and send thee, in thy neede,
Much, that is hoine to doe thee much good deeds.

lin. Are you there Frier: nay then yfaith we haue it.

Tuck. What wenche? my loue?

lin. I, gee't mee when I craue it.

Tuck. Unaskt I offer, pze thee sweete girle take it.

lin. Gifts stinke with proffer, soh Frier, I forsaake it.

Tuck. I will be kinde.

lin. Will not your kindnesse kill her?

Tuck. With loue?

lin. You cogge.

Tuck. Cut girle I am no miller: heare in your eare.

Don. The Frier courts her.

Pri. Tush, let him alone,

He is our Ladies Chaplaine, but serues Ione.

Don. Then, from the Frier stault perchance, it may be
The prouerbe grew, Ione's taken for my Ladie.

Pri. Peace good Sir Doncaster, list to the end.

linny

Earle of Huntington.

Lin. But meane pee faith and troth, shall I go wepe?

Tuck. Upon my faith, I doe intend good faith.

Lin. And shall I haue the pinnes and laces too,

If I heare a Pedlers packe with you?

Tuck. As I am holy Frier, linny thou shalt.

Lin. Well, there's my hand, see Frier you do not halt.

Tuck. Goe but befoze into the nitry mead,

And keepe the path that doth to Farnsfield lead:

Ile into Suthwell, and buy all the knacks,

That shall fit both of vs for Pedlers packes.

Lin. Who be they two that ponder walke, I pray?

Tuck. linny, I knowe not, be they what they may,

I care not for them, pry thee doe dot stay:

But make some speede, that we were gone away.

Lin. Well Frier, I trust you that we go to Sherewood.

Tuck. I by my heads, and vnto Robin Hood.

Lin. Make speede good Frier. Exit linny.

Tuck. linny, doe not feare,

Lord Prior, now you heare

As much as I; get mee two Pedlers packes,

Points, laces, looking glasses, pinnes and knackes:

And let sir Doncaster with some wight lads,

Followe vs close: and ere these foytie howers,

Upon my life, earle Robert shall be ours.

Pri. Thou shalt haue any thing, my dearest Frier,

And in amends, Ile make thee my subprior.

Come good sir Doncaster, and if wee chytue,

Weele frolicke with the Nunnes of Leeds bellue.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter Fitzwater, like an olde man.

Fitz. Well did he wyte, and mickle did he knowe,

That said this world's felicitie was woe,

Which greatest states can hardly vndergoe.

Whylom Fitzwater in faire Englands Court,

Possess felicitie and happie state:

The down-fall of Robert

And in his hall blithe fortune kept her sport:
Which glee, one howre of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, towne, and towers,
Faire gardens, oꝛ chards, and delightfull bowers:
But now no garden, oꝛ chard, towne, noꝛ tower
Hath pooze Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walkes are left mee in the world,
Which these stiffe limmes wil hardly let me tread:
And when I sleepe, heaucns glorious canopy
Me and my mooste couth doth ouer-spreade.
Of this, iniurtous Iohn can not bereaue mee,
The aire and earth he (while I liue) must leaue mee.
But from the English aire and earth, pooze man,
His tyranny hath ruthlesse thee exil'd:
Yet ere I leaue it, Ile do what I can,
To see Macilda, my faire lucklesse childe:

*Curtaines open, Robin Hoode sleepe on a greene
banke, and Marian strewing flowers on him.*

And in good time, see where my comfozt stands,
And by her eyes delected huntingron.
Looke how my flower holds flowers in her hands,
And sings those sweetes, vpon my sleeping sonne.
Ile close mine eyes as if I wanted sight,
That I may see the end of their delight,
Goes knocking with his staffe.

Mar. What aged man art thou: oꝛ by what chance,
Camst thou thus farre into the waillesse wodde?
Fitz. Widowe oꝛ wife, oꝛ maiden if thou be,
Lend mee thy hand: thou seest I cannot see.
Blessing betide thee, little feelst thou want:
With mee, good child, foode is both hard and scant.
These smooth euen vaines, assure mee he is kinde,
What ere he be, my girl, that thee doth finde.
I pooze and olde am rest of all earths good,
And desperately am crept into this wodde,

Earle of Huntingdon.

To seeke the poore mans patron, Robin Hood.

Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome aged man,

I ten times welcome, to maid Marian,

Sit downe olde father, sit and call me daughter.

O God, how like he lookes to olde Fitzwater! Runs in.

Fitz. Is my Matilda cald maid Marian?

I wonder why her name is changed thus.

Brings wine, meate.

Mar. Here's wine to cheere thy hart: drinke aged man,

There's venison and a knife, here's manchet sine:

Drinke good olde man, I praye you drinke more wine.

My Robin stirres, I must sing him a sleepe.

Rob. Nay, you haue wak't me marian wth your talke.

What man is that, is come within our walke?

Mar. An aged man, a silly sightlesse man,

Neere pin'd with hunger: see how fast he eates.

Rob. Much good may't doe him. Neuer is good meate

Spent on such a stomacke. f. father profane:

To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.

Fitz. I thanke you master. Are you Robin hood?

Rob. Father, I am.

Fitz. God giue your soule much good,

For this good meate maid Marian hath giuen mee.

But heare you master, can you tell mee newes,

Where faire matilda is, Fitzwaters daughter.

Rob. Why? here she is, this marian is shee.

Fitz. Why did she change her name?

Rob. What's that to thee?

Fitz. Yes, I could weepe for griefe that it is so:

But that my teares are all dryed up with woe.

Rob. Why? shee is cald maid marian, honest friend,

Because shee liues a spotlesse maiden life:

And shall, till Robins outlawe life haue ende,

That he may lawfully take her to wife;

Which, if king Richard come, will not be long:

THE DOWN-FALL OF ROBERT

For, in his hand is power to right our wrong.

Fitz. If it be thus, I lope in her names change,
So pure loue in these times is very strange.

Mar. Robin, I thinke it is my aged father.

Rob. Tell mee old man, tell me in curtesie,
Are you no other than you seeme to be?

Fitz. I am a wretched aged man, you see:
If you will doe mee ought for charitie,
Further than this, sweete, doe not question mee.

Rob. You shall haue your desire, but what be these?

¶ Enter Frier Tucke, and Linny, like Pedlers,
singing.

What lacke ye? what lacke ye? what ill ye will buy?

Any points, pins, or laces, any laces, points or pins?

Fine gloues, fine glasses, any buskes, or maskes?

Or any other prettie things?

Come cheape for loue, or buy for money.

Any cony cony skins, (buy.

For laces, pointes, or pins? faire maids come chuse or

I haue prettie potting sticks,

And many other tricks, come chuse for loue, or buy
for money.

Rob. Pedler, I pre thee set thy packe downe here:
Marian shall buy, if thou be not too deare.

Tuck. Linny, vnto thy mistresse shewe thy packe,
Master for you I haue a pretty knacke:
From farre I brought it, please you see the same.

¶ Enter Frier like a Pedler, and Linny, Sir Doncaster,
and others weaponed.

Fri. Sir Doncaster, are not we Pedlerlike?
Don. Yes, passing fit, and ponder is the bowler:
I doubt not wee shall haue him in our power.

Fri.

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. You and your companie were best stand close,
Don. What shal the watchword be to bring vs forth?
Fri. Take it I pray, though it be much more worth.
When I speake that aloud, be sure I serue
The execution presently on him.
Don. Friet, looke toot.
Fri. Now linny to your song. Sings.

¶ Enter Marian, Robin.

mar. Pedler, what prettie toys haue you to sell:
Fri. Linny, vnto our mistresse shewe your ware.

mar. Come in good woman. Exit.

Fr. Master, looke here, and God giue care,
So mote I thee, to her and mee, if euer wee, Robin to
thee, that art so free, meane treachery.

Rob. Oū Pedler to thy packe,
If thou loue mee, my loue thou shalt not lacke.

Fri. Master, in bycke, there is a theefe, that seekes
your griele, God send reliefe, to you in neede: for a foule
deede, if not with speede, you take good heede, there is
betreede.

In yonder brake, there lies a snake, that meanes to
take, out of this wodde, the yeoman good, calde Ro-
bin hood.

Rob. Pedler, I pze thee be more plaine: what brake
what snake? what trappe? what tratue?

Fri. Robin, I am a holy Friet, sent by the Pzoz, who
did mee hite, for to conspire thy endlesse moe, and ouer-
throwe: but thou shalt knowe, I am the man, whome
little Iohn, from Nottingham, deli'd to be, a clarke to
thee; for hee to mee, saide thou wert free, and I did see,
thy honestie, from gallowe tree, when thou didst free
Scathlocke and Scarlet certaine.

Rob. Why then it seemes that thou art Friet Tucke.

Fri. Master, I am.

Ⓞ

Rob.

The down-fall of Robert

Rob. I pray thee frier say,
What treachery is meant to mee this day?
Fri. First winde your hozne; then drawe your sword:
hee windes his horne.

For I haue giuen a friers worde,
To take your bodie prisioner:
And yield you to sir Doncaster,
The enuious Priest of Hotherstield:
Whose power your bushis wodde both thield:
But I will die, ere you shall yield.

¶ Enter like *Iohn*, &c:

And sith your peomen doe appeare,
Ile giue the watchword without feare:
Take it I pray thee, though it be moze worth.

Rushe in Doncaster with his crue.

Don. Smite down, lay hold on outlawed Humington.
Iohn. Soft hot spurs priest; tis not so quickly done.

Don. Now out alas, the frier and the maide
Haue, to false theeues, sir Doncaster betraide.

¶ Enter *Iohn* crowned, *Queene Elianor*, *Chester*, *Salsbury*, Lord Prior, sit downe all, *Warman* stands.

Ioh. As Gods Vicegerent, Iohn ascends this throne,
His head impal'd with Englands Diademe,
And in his hand the awfull rodde of rule,
Giuing the humble, place of excellence,
And tot he lowe earth, casting downe the proude.

Qu. Such vpright rule, is in each Realme allowed.

Iohn. Chester, you once were Elies open friend,
And yet are doubtfull whether he deserue
A publicke crissall for his priuate wrongs.

Chest. I still am doubtfull, whether it be fit
To punish priuate faults with publicke shame,
In such a person as Lord Ely is.

Prior,

Earle of Huntington.

Prior. Yes Honorable Chester, moze it fits
To make apparant, sinnes of mightie men,
And on their persons sharpely to correct
A litle fault, a very small defect;
Than on the poore, to practise chastisement,
For if a poore man die, or suffer shame,
Only the poore and vile respect the same:
But if the mightie fall, feare then belets
The proud hearts of the mightie ones, his mates:
They thinke the world is garnished with nets,
And trappes ordained to intrappe their states,
Which feare, in them, begets a feare of ill,
And makes them good, contrary to their will.

John. Your Lordshipp hath said right: Lord Salisbury,
Is not your minde as ours, concerning Ely?

Sal. I iudge him worthy of reproofe and shame.

John. Warman, bring forth your prisoner, Ely the
And whilom, bring the seale that he detains. Chancellor,
Warman, why goest thou not?

War. Be good to mee my Lord.

John. What hast thou done?

War. Speake for mee my Lord Prior.

All my good Lords, intreate his Grace for mee.
Ely, my Lord.

John. Why where is Ely Warman?

War. Fled to day, this mornning he is fled away.

Io. Dudas, whom no friend, no foe may trust,
Thinkest thou with teares and plaints to answer this?

Doe I not knowe thy heart: doe not I knowe,
That bybes haue purchast Ely this escape?

Neuer make anticke faces, neuer bend,
With fained humblesse, thy still crouching knee:

But with fixt eyes, vnto thy doome attend.

Willane, Ale plague thee for abusing mee:

Goe hence, and henceforth neuer set thy foote

The Down-fall of Robert

In house or felde, thou didst this day possesse.
Marke what I say, aduise thee to looke too't,
Or else be sure thou diest remedilest.
For from those houses see that thou receiue,
So much as shall sustaine thee for an houer:
But as thou art, goe where thou canst get friends,
And hee that feedes thee, be mine enemy.

War. O my good Lord.

Ioh. Thou thy good Lord betrayedst,
And all the world for money thou wilt sell.

War. What saies the Queene?

Q. Why thus I say:

Betray thy master, thou wilt all betray.

War. My Lords, of Chester and of Salisbury?

Both. Speake not to vs, all traitors we desire.

War. Good my Lord Priour.

Pri. Alas, what can I doe?

War. Then I desire the worlde. yet I desire
Your Grace would read this supplication.

Iohn reads.

Ioh. I thought as much: but Warman dost thou thinke

There is one mouing line to mercie here?

I tell thee no; therefore away, away:

A shamefull death followes thy longer stay.

War. O poore poore man!

O miserable, miserablest wretch I am.

Exit.

Iohn. Confusion be thy guide: a baser slaue
Earth cannot beare, plagues followe him I craue.

Can any tell mee if my Lord of Poike
Be able to sit by.

Qu. The Archbishops Grace
Was reasonable well euen now, good sonne.

Salf. And he desir'd mee that I should desire
Your Gracitie to send vnto his Grace,
If any matter did import his presence.

Iohn.

Earle of Huntington.

Ioh. Wee will our selues steppe in and vsite him.

Wother, and my good Lords, will you attend vs?

Prior. I gladly will attend your Matelie.

Ihon. Now good Lord helpe vs:

When I saide good Lords,

I meant not you Lord Prior: Lord I know you are:

But good, God knowes, you neuer meane to bee.

Exeunt Ihon, Queene, Chester, Salisbury.

Prior. Iohn is incest, and very much I doubt

That villane Warman hath accused mee,

About the scape of Ely: well, suppose he haue:

What that to mee? I am a Cleargie man.

And all his power, if hee all extend,

Cannot preuaile against my holy order:

But the Archbishopbes Grace is now his friend,

And may perchance attempt to doe me ill.

Enter a seruing man.

What newes with you sir?

Ser. Euen beaue news my Lord: for the light fire

Falling, in manner of a fier Drake,

Upon a barn of yours, hath burnt six barnes,

And not a strike of corne reseru'd from dust.

No hand could saue it, yet ten thousand hands,

Labourd their best, though none for loue of you:

For euery tongue with bitter curling hand,

Pour Lordshippe as the viper of the land.

Prior. What meant the villanes?

Ser. Thus and thus they cride:

Upon this churle, this hoorder vp of corne,

This spoyler of the Earle of Huntington,

This lust-defiled, mercilesse false Prior,

Heauen raigneth vengeance downe in shape of fier.

Old wiues that scarce could with their souches creep,

And little babes, that newly learnde to speake,

Ben matterlesse that thozough want did weepe,

The down-fall of Robert

All in one voice, with a confused cry,
In execrations band you bitterly,
Plague followe plague, they cry, he hath vndone
The good Lord Robert, Earle of Huntington:
And then

70 *nr*: What then, thou villane? Get thee from my sight.
They that with plagues, plagues wil vpon them light.

¶ Enter another seruant.

Pri. What are your tidings?

Ser. The Couent of Saut maries are agreed,
And haue elected, in your Lordshippes place,
Ove father Ierome, who is skald Lord Prio?,
By the newe Archbisshoppe.

Pri. Of Poyke thou meanst.

A vengeance on him, he is my hopes foe.

Enter a Herald.

Hc: Gilbert de hood late Prio? of Saut Maries,
Dur Soueraigne Iohn commandeth thee by mee,
That presently thou leaue this blessed land,
Defiled with the burden of thy sinne.
All thy goods tempozall and spirituall,
(With free consent of Hubert Lo?de Yorke,
P?imate of England and thy Ordinary)
He hath suspended, and vow'd by heauen,
To hang thee vp, if thou depart not hence,
Without delaying or more question:
And that he hath good reason for the same,
He sends this writing firm'd with Warman's hand,
And comes himselfe: whose presence if thou stay,
I feare this Sunne will see thy dying day.

Pri. O, Warman hath betrayd mee: woe is mee.

¶ Enter Iohn, Queene, Chester, Salisbury.

Ioh. Hence with that Prio?, strra do not speake,
My eyes are full of weath, my heart of wreake:
Let Lester come, his haule hart, I am sure,

Earle of Huntington.

Will checke the kingly course we undertake.

Exeunt cum Prior.

Enter *Lester*, drumme and Ancient.

Iho. Welcome from warre thye noble earle of *Lester*:
Unto our Court, welcome most balliant earle.

Lest. Your Court in England, & king *Richard* gone,
A king in England, and the king from home:

This sight and salutations are so strange,
That what I should, I know not how to speake.

Ioh. What would you say? speake boldly, we intreat.
Lest. It is not feare, but wonder bares my speach;

I muse to see a mother and a Queene,
Two Peeres, so great as *Salisbury* and *Chester*,
Sit and support proud vsurpation,
And see king *Richards* crowne, woꝛne by earle *Iohn*.

Qu. He sits as viceroy and a substitute.

Chest. He must and shall resigne when *Richard* comes.

Sal. *Chester*, he will without your must and shall.

Lest. Whether he will or no, he shall resigne.

Ioh. You knowe your own will *Lester*, but not mine.

Lest. Tell me among ye, where is reuerent *Ely*,
Left by our deade king, as his deputie?

Iohn. Banishd he is, as proud vsurpers should.

Lest. Whyde then, belike, was enemy to pride:
Ambition in your selfe, his State enuied.

Where is *Fitzwater*, that old honoured Lord?

Ioh. Dishonourd and exil'd, as *Ely* is.

Lest. Exil'd he may be, but dishonourd neuer:
He was a fearelesse souldier, and a vertuous scholler,
But where is *Huntington*, that noble youth?

Chest. Undoone by ryot.

Lest. Ah, the greater ruth.

Iohn. *Lester*, you question more than both become you:
On to the purpose, why you come to vs.

Lest. I came to *Ely*, and to all the State,

The down-fall of Robert

Sent by the king, who thzee times sent before,
To haue his rancome brought to Austria:
And if you be elected deputie,
Doe as you ought, and send the rancome money.

Ioh. Lester, you see I am no deputie:
And Richard's rancome if you doe require,
Thus we make answer: Richard is a king,
In Cyprus, Acon, Acres, and rich Palestine:
To get those kingdomes England lent him men,
And many a million of her substance spent,
The very entralls of her wombe was rent.
No plough but paid a share, no nee by hand,
But from his pooze estate of penurie,
Unto his voyage offered more than mites,
And more, pooze soules, than they had might to spare:
Yet were they toyfull. For still flying newes,
And lying I perceiue them now to be,
Came of king Richards glorious victozies,
His conquest of the Souldans, and such tales,
As blewe them vp with hope, when he returned,
He would haue scattered gold about the streetes.

Lest. Doe Princes fight for gold? Or leaden thought?
Your father knewe, that honour was the aime
Kings leuell at: by sweete Saint Iohn I swear,
You vrge mee so that I cannot forbeare.
What doe you tell of moncy lent the king,
When first he went into this holy warre?
As if he had extorted from the pooze,
When you, the Queene, and all that heare me speake,
Know with what zeale the people gaue their goods:
Olde wines tooke siluer buckles from their belts,
Young maids the gilt pins that tucke vp their traines,
Children their prettie whistles from their neckes,
And euery man what he did most esteeme,
Crying to souldiours; Weare these gifts of ours.

This

Earle of Huntington.

This prooues that Richard had no neede to wrong,
Or force the people, that with willing hearts
Gane more than was desir'd. And where you say,
You guesse Richards victories but lies:
I sweare he wan rich Cyprus with his sword:
And thence, more glorious than the guide of Greece,
That brought so huge a fleete to Tenedos,
He saild along the Mediterran sea:
Where on a Sunbright morning he did meeete
The warlike souldiours, well prepared fleete.
O still mee thynkes I see king Richard stand,
In his guilt armour staine with Pagans blood,
Upon a gallies prow, like warres fierce God,
And on his crest, a Crucifix of golde.
O that daies honour can be neuer tolde:
Six times six seuerall Bizigandines he boardec,
And in the greceie waues flung wounded Turkes,
And thye times thyece the winged Gallies bankes,
(Wherein the Soulbans sonne was Admirall)
In his owne person royall Richard smooth'd,
And lest no heathen hand to be byheau'd
Against the Christian souldiers.

John. Lester, so:

Did he all this?

Lest. I by God hee did,
And moze than this; nay least at it Iohn:
I sweare hee did, by Lesters faith hee did,
And made the greene sea red with Pagan blood,
Leading to Ioppa, glorious victory,
And following feare that fled vnto the foe.

Iohn. All this hee did, per chance all this was so.

Lest. Holy God helpe mee, souldiers come away:
This carpet knight sits carping at our scarres,
And leasts at those most glorious well fought warres.
Ioh. Letter, you are too hot: stay, goe not yett

The down-fall of Robert

He thinke, if Richard wonne these victories,
The wealthie kingdomes, he hath conquered,
May better than pooze England pay his ransome:
He left this Realme as a young orphane maid,
To Ely, the stepfather of this state,
That stript the virgine to her very skione:
And Lester, had not Iohn more carefull bin (bin.
Than Richard, at this tower, Englad had not Englad
Therefore good warlike Lord, take this in brieve:
We wish king Richard well,
But can send no reliefe.

Lest. O, let not my heart breake wth inward griefe.

Ioh. Yes let it Lester, it is not amisse,

That twenty such hearts breake, as your heart is.

Lest. Are you a mother: were you Englands Queene?

Were Henry, Richard, Gesefrey (your sonnes)

All sonnes, but Richard, sunne of all those sonnes?

And can you let this little mercur,

This ignis Fatuus, this same wandring fire,

This Goblin of the night, this bzand, this sparke,

Seeme thzough a lantzoze, greater than he is?

By heauen you doe not well, by earth you doe not.

Chester, no; you, no; you eat le Salzbury,

Ye doe not, no yee doe not what yee shoul.

Q. Where this Beare loose, how he wold tear out maues?

Che. Wale death & vengeance dwel within his talues.

Sail. But we can muzzle him, and binde his pawes,

If king Iohn say we shall, wee will incede.

Ioh. Doe if you can.

Lest. Its well thou hast some feare:

No curres, ye haue no teethe to baite this Beare.

I will not bid mine ensigne bearer waue

By tottered colours in this woztlesse aire,

Whic h pour vile bzeathes vilely contaminate.

Beare, thou hast bene my Quincient bearer long,

Ans.

Earle of Huntington.

And borne by Lesters Beare in forren lands:
Yet now resigne these colours to my hands.
For I am full of griefe, and full of rage.
John, looke vpon mee, thus did Richard take
The coward Austrias colours in his hand,
And thus he cast them vnder Acon walles,
And thus he trod them vnderneath his feete.
Rich colours, how I wrong ye by this wrong?
But I will right yee; Beare, take them againe,
And keepe them euer, euer them maintaine.
We shall haue vse for them I hope, ere long.

Ioh. Darest thou attempt thus proudly in our sight?

Lest. What ist a subject dares, that I dare not:

Sals. Dare subjects dare, their Soueraigne being by?

Lest. O God, that my true Soueraigne were ny.

Qu. Lest, he is.

Lest. Had am, by God you ly.

Chett. Unmannerd man.

Lest. A plague of reuerence,

Where no regard is had of excellence. Sound drum.

But you will quit mee now; I heare your drummes,

Your principallite hath stird vp men,

And now ye thinke to muzzle vp this Beare:

Still they come nearer, but are not the neare.

Ioh. What drums are these?

Sals. I thinke some friends of yours

Prepare a power to resist this wrong.

Lest. Let them prepare; for Lest is preparede,

And thus he wooes his willing men to fight;

Souldiers, yee see king Richards open wrong,

Richard that led yee to the glorious East,

And made yee treade vpon the blessed land,

Where he, that brought all Christians blessednesse,

Was borne, liued, wrought his miracles, and died,

From death arose, and then to heauen ascended;

The down-fall of Robert.

Whose true religious faith ye haue defended.
Wee fought, and Richard taught yee how to fight,
Against prophane men, following Mahomet:
But if ye note, they did their kings their right,
These more than heathen, sacrilegious men,
Professing Christ, banish Christs champion hence,
Their lawfull Lord, their homeborne Soueraigne,
With petty quarrels, and with slight pretence,

¶ Enter Richmond, souldiers.

O let me be as hozt as time is hozt,
For the arm'd foe is now within our sight.
Remember how gainst ten, one man did fight,
So hundreds against thousands, haue bozne heads:
You are the men that euer conquered.
If multitudes oppresse ye that ye die,
Lets sell our liues, and leaue them vallantly:
Courage, vpon them, cill wee cannot stand.

Ioh. Richmond is ponder.

Qu. Y, and soune, I thinke,

The king is not farre off.

Chest. Now heauen forsend:

Lest. Why smite ye not, but stand thus cowardly?

Rich. If Richmond hurt good Lester, let him die.

Lest. Richmond, O pardon mine offending eye,
That tooke thee for a foe; welcome deare friend;
Where is my Soueraigne Richard? Thou and he:
Were both in Austria: Richmond, comfort mee,
And tell mee where he is, and how he fares.
O, for his ransome, many thousand cares
Haue mee afflicted.

Rich. Lester, he is come to London,
And will himselfe to faithlesse Austria,
Like a true king, his p'romis'd ransome beare.
Lest. At London saist thou Richmond, is he there?
Farewell, I will not stay to tell my wrongs,

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

To these pale coloured, hartlesse, guiltie Lords.
Richmond, you shall goe with mee, doe not stay,
And I will tell you wonders by the way.

Rich. The king did doubt you had some injury,
And therefore sent this power to rescue yee.

Lest. I thanke his Grace. Hadam adieu, adieu,
He to your sonne, and leaue your shade with you.

Exeunt.

Ioh. Marke how he mocks mee, calling me your shade.
Chester and Salisbury, shall wee gather power,
And keepe what we haue got.

Chest. And in an hower,
Be taken, ludg'd, and headed with disgrace?
Salisbury, what say you?

Sal. By Lord, I bid your excellence adieu.
I, to king Richard, will submit my knee,
I haue good hope his Grace will pardon mee.

Chest. And Salisbury, He goe along with thee.
Farewell Queene mother, fare you well Lord Iohn.

Ioh. Mother, stay you,
Qu. Not I sonne, by Saint Anne.

Ioh. Will you not stay?

Qu. Goe with me: I will doe the best I may,
To beg my sonnes forgiveness of my sonne. Exit

Iohn. Goe by your selfe. By heauen twas long of you,
I rose to fall so soone. Lester and Richmonds crue,
They come to take me. Now too late I rue
My proud attempt: like falling Phaeton,
I perish from my guiding of the sunne.

Lest. I will goe backe yfaith once more and see,
Whether this mock-king and the mother Queene,
And: who: heres neither Queene nor Lord.
What, king of Crickets, is there none but you? (right:
Come off, off: this crowne, this scepter are king Richards.

The down-fall of Rōbert

Beare thou them Richmond, thou art his true knight.
You would not send his ransome, gentle Iohn:
He's come to fetch it now. Come wily For,
Now you are stript out of the Lyons case,
What, dare you looke the Lyon in the face?
The English Lyon, that in Austria,
With his strong hand, puld out a Lyons heart.
Good Richmond tell it mee; for Gods sake doe:
Oh, it does mee good to heare his glories tolde.

Richm. Lester, I saw king Richard with his fist,
Strike deade the sonne of Austrian Leopold,
And then I sawe him, by the Dukes commaund,
Compast and taken by a troope of men,
Who led king Richard to a Lyons denne,
Opening the dooze and in a paned court,
The cowards left king Richard weaponlesse.
Anone comes for the the fier-eyde dreadfull beaft,
And with a heart-amazing voice he roarde,
Opening (like hell) his iron toothed iawes,
And stretching out his fierce death-threatning pawes,
I tell thee Lester, and I smile thereat,
(Though then, God knowes, I had no power to smile)
I stood by treacherous Austria all the while:
Who in a gallery, with iron grates,
Staid to beholde king Richard made a prey.

Lest. What wast, thou smilest at in Austria:

Rich. Lester, he thooke, so helpe me God, he thooke,
With very terrour, at the Lyons looke.

Lest. Ah coward: but goe on what Richard did?

Rich. Richard about his right hand wound a scarfe
(God quit her for it) giuen him by a maide,
With endlesse good may that good deede he paid,
And thrust that arme downe the deuouring throat
Of the fierce Lyon, and withdrawing it,
Drewe out the strong heart of the monstrous beaft.

And

Earle of Huntington.

And left the senselesse bodie on the ground.

Lest. O royall Richard! Richmond, looke on Iohn:
Does he not quake in hearing this discourse?
Come, we will leaue him Richmond, let vs goe,
Iohn, make sute for grace, 'tis your means you knowe.

Exeunt.

Ioh. A mischief on that Lester: is he gone?
I were best goe too, leaue in some mad fit,
He turne againe, and leaue me prisoner.
Southward I dare not flie: faine faine I would,
To Scotland bend my course: but all the woodes
Are full of Outlawes, that in Kendall greene,
Followe the outlawed earle of Huntington,
Well, I will cloath my selfe in such a sute,
And by that meanes as well scape all pursuite,
As passe the daunger: chreatning Huntington:
For having many outlawes they thinke mee,
By my attire, one of their mates to be.

Exit.

Enter Scarlet, Iohn, and Frier Tucke.

Fri. Scarlet and Iohn, so God me saue,
Do minde vnto my heabes I haue:
I thinke it be a lucklesse day:
For I can neither sing, nor say,
Nor haue I any power to looke,
On Portaffe, or on Partins booke.

Scar. What is the reason, tell vs Frier:

Fri. And would yee haue mee be no lyer.

Ioh. No: God defend that you should lie,
A Churchman be a lyer: he.

Fri. Then by this hallowed Crucifixe,

The holy water, and the pyre,
It greatly at my stomacke stiches,
That all this day we had no guesse,
And haue of meate so many a messe.

¶ 4.

Much.

The down-fall of Robert

Much bring out *Ely*, like a country man with
a basket.

Much. Well: and ye be but a market, ye are but a market man.

Ely. I am sure sir, I doe you no hurt, doe I?

Scar. Wee shall haue company, no doubt:

My fellowe much hath founde one out.

Fri. A for, a for: as I am Frier,
Much is well worthie of good hire.

Ioh. Say Frier soothly knowest thou him?

Fri. It is a wolfe in a Sheepes skinne.

Goe call our master, little Iohn,

A glad man will he be anone:

It's *Ely* man, the Chancelor.

Ioh. Gods pittie looke vnto him, Frier. Exit Iohn.

Much. What, ha ye egges to sell old fellowe?

Ely. I sir, some fewe, and those my neede constraines
mee beare to Mansfield,

That I may sell them there, to buy me bread.

Scar. Alas good man: I pry the where dost dwell?

Ely. I dwell at Oxen str.

Scar. I knowe the towne.

Much. Alas pooze fellow, if thou dwell with Oxen,
It's strange they doe not goze thee with their hoznes.

Ely. Masters, I tell yee truly where I dwell,

And whether I am going; let mee goe:

Your master would be much displeas'd I knowe,

If he should heare, you hinder pooze men thus.

Fri. Father, one word with you befoze we part.

Much. *Scarlet*, the Frier will make vs haue anger all:
farewell, and beare me witnessse, though I said him,
I said him not:

An olde fellowe, and a market man:

Exit.

Fri. Whoop! In your riddles much: then we shall haue,

Scar. What dost thou Frier: pry thee let him goe.

Fri.

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. I ppe the Scarlet let vs two alone.

Ely. Frier, I see thou knowest me, let me goe:
And many a good turne I to thee will owe.

Fri. My masters seruice bids me answer no:
Yet lone of holy churchmen wils it so.

Well, good my Lord, I will doe what I may
To let your holinesse escape away:

¶ Enter Robin.

Here comes my master, if he question you,
Answer him like a plaine man, and you may passe.

Ely. Thankes Frier.

Fri. O, my Lord thinks mee an Ass.

Rob. Frier, what honest man is there with thee?

Fri. A silly man, good master. I will speake for you:
Stand you aloofe, for feare they note your face.
Master in plaine, it were but in vaine, long to detaine,
with copes a with bables, with fond-fained fables: but
him that you see, in so mean degre, is the Lord Ely, that
help't to exile you, that oft did reuile you. Though in his
fall, his craine be but small, and no man at all, will giue
him the wall, nor Lord doth him call: Yet he did ride,
on Jennets pide, and knightes by his side, did foote it
each tide: O see the fall of pride.

Rob. Frier, enough.

Fri. I pray sic let him goe,
He is a very simple man in howe,
He dwelles at Oxen, and to vs doth say,
To Mansfield market he doth take his way.

Ioh. Frier, this is not Mansfields market day.

Rob. What would hee sell?

Fri. Egges sir, as he saies.

Rob. Scarlet, goe thy wates, take in this olde man,
Fill his skinne with venison:

And after giue him money for his egges.

Ely. No sir I thanke you, I haue promised them

I

To

The down-fall of Robert

To master Baillies wife of Mansfield, all.

Rob. Nay sir you doe me wrong:

No Bailly, no; his wife shall haue an egge.

Scarlet, I say, take his egges, and giue him money.

Ely. Pray sir,

Fri. Wush, let him haue your egges.

Ely. Faith I haue none.

Fri. Gods pittie, then he will finde you soone.

Scar. Here are no egges, no; any thing but hay.

Yes by the masse, here's somewhat like a scale. (scale)

Rob. O God, my Princes scale, faire Englands royall

Tell mee, thou man of death, thou wicked man,

How cam'st thou by this scale: wilt thou not speake?

Bring burning irons, I will make him speake.

For I doe knowe the poore distressed Lord,

The kings Vicegerent, learned reuerend Ely,

Flying the furte of ambitious Iohn,

Is murdred by this peasant. Speake vile man,

Where thou hast done thy vice Honorable Ely?

Ely. Why dost thou grace Ely with titles of Grace.

Who thee with all his power sought to disgrace?

Rob. Welike his wisdom sawe some fault in mee.

Ely. No I assure thee Honorable earle:

It was his enmie, no defect of thine,

And the perswasions of the Prior of Yorke,

Which Ely now repents; see Huntington,

Ely himselte, and pittie him, good sonne.

Rob. Alas for woe, alack that so greate state

The malice of this world should ruinate.

Come in great Lord, sit downe and take thy ease,

Receiue the scale and pardon my offence,

With me you shall be safe and if you please,

Till Richard come, from all mens violence:

Aged Fitzwater, banished by Iohn,

And his faire daughter shall conuerse with you:

Earle of Huntington.

I and my men that me attend upon,
Shall giue you all that is to Honour due.

Will you accept my seruice, noble Lords

Ely. Thy kindnesse obliges me to such inward shame,
That for my life, I no reply can frame.

Goe, I will followe, blessed maist thou bee,

That thus releu'st thy foes in miserie. *Exeunt.*

Ioh. Skelton, a woide or two beside the play.

Fri. Now sir John Elcam, what ist you would say;

Ihon. We thinke I see no ieaaks of Robin Hoode,

No merry Woices of Frier Tuck,

No pleasant Skippings by and downe the wodde,

No hunting songs, no coursing of the Bucke:

Pray God this Play of ours may haue good lucke,

And the kings Palettie mislike it not.

Fri. And if he doe, what can we doe to that?

I promise him a Play of Robin Hoode,

His honorable life, in merry Sherewod;

His Palettie himselte suruaid the plat,

And had me boldly wryte it, it was good.

For merry ieaaks, they haue bene showne before,

As how the Frier fell into the Well,

For loue of Linny that faire bonny bell:

How Greeneleafe robbd the Shyene of Nottingham,

And other mirchfull matter, full of game.

Our play expzesses noble Roberts wrong,

His milde forgetting trecherous inturie:

The Abbots malice, rak't in cinders long,

It these that beare the historie rehearst,

Condemne my Play when it begins to spring,

Ile let it wither whille it is a budde,

And neuer shewe the flower to the King.

Iohn. One thing beside; you fall into your vaine,

Of rbble rabble rimes, Skeltonicall,

The down-fall of Robert

So oft and stand so long, that you offend,

Fri. It is a fault I hardly can amend.

O how I chame my tongue to talke these tearmes,

I doe forget oft times my friers part:

But pull mee by the sleue when I errede,

And you shall see mee mend that fault indeede.

Wherefoze still sit you, both Skelton intreat you,

While he facer'd wil bycesely reparate you, the history al;

And tale tragical, by whose treachery, and base iniury,

Robin the good, calde Robin Hood, died in Sherewodde:

Which till you see, be rul'd by me, sit patiently, & giue

a plauidice, if anything please yee. Exeunt.

¶ Enter Warman.

War. Banisht from all, of all am I bereft;

No more than what I weare, onto me left,

Wretched, wretched grieffe, deserfull fall:

Striuing to get all, I am rest of all:

Yet if I could a while my selfe relieue,

Till Ely be in some place settled,

A double restitution should I get;

And these sharpe sorowes that haue ioy supprest,

Should turne to ioy with double interest.

¶ Enter a gentleman, Warman's cosin.

And in good time, here comes my cosin Warman,

Whome I haue often pleasur'd in my time:

His house at Bingham I bestow'd on him:

And theretoeze doubt not, he will giue me house-roume.

Good euen good cosin.

Cos. O cousen Warman, what good newes with you?

War. Whether so farre a foote walk you in Sherewod?

Cos. I came from Roheram, and by hither Farnsfield

By hoyle did tire, and I walke home a foote.

War. I doe bescech you cousen at some friends,

Or at your owne house so? a weeke or two,

Giue me some succour.

Cos.

Earle of Huntington.

Col. What succour say you?
No sir: I heard at Mansfield how the matter stands,
How you haue lustly lost your goods and lands,
And that the Princes indignation
Will fall on any that relieues your state:
Away from mee, your trecheries I hate:
You when your noble master was vndoone
(That honourable minded Huntington)
Who forwarde than you, all to disstraine:
And as a wolfe that chaletb on the plaine,
The harmlesse hinde: so wolfe-like you pursued
Him and his seruants: vile ingratitude,
Damnd Iudaisme, false wrong, abhoyred trechery,
Impious wickednesse, wicked impietie.
Out, out vpon thee, Ioh, I spit at thee.

War. Good colen.

Col. Away. He spurne thee if thou followe me. Exit.

War. O iust heauen, how thou plagu'st iniquitie!
All that he has, my hand on him bestowed:
By master gaue mee all: I euer owe:
By maister I abus'd in his distresse:
In mine, my kinsman leaues me comfortlesse.

¶ Enter Iaylor of Nottingham, leading a dog.

Here comes another, one that yester day
Was at my seruice, came when I did call,
And him I made Iaylor of Nottingham,
Perchance some pittie dwelles within the man:
Iaylor, well met, dost thou not know me man?

Iay. Yes, thou art Warman; euery knate knowes thee.

War. Thou knowest I was thy master yester day.

Iay. I, but tis not as it was, farewell, goe by.

War. Good George relieue my bitter misery.

Iay. By this fleshe and bloode I will not,
So if I do, the diuell take me quicke.

I have no money: begger balk the way.

War. I doe not aske thee money.

The down-fall of Robert

Iay. Wouldst ha meate?

War. Would God I had a little bzeade to eate.

Iay. Soft, let me feele my bagge. O heare is meate,
That I put vp at Redford for my dogge,
I care not greatly if I giue him this.

War. I pze thee doe?

Yet let me sear ch my conscience for it first:
My dogge's my seruant, faithfull, trustie, true:
But Warman was a traitor to his Lord,
A reprobate, a calscall, and a Iewe,
Worse than dogges, of men to be abhorrd.
Scarue theretofore Warman, dogge receiue thy due,
Followe me not, least I belabour you,
You halfe-fac't groat, you thicke-cheekt chitcface,
You Iudas, villane, you that haue vndoone
The honourable, Robert, earle of Huntington. Exit.

War. Worse than a dogge, the villane me respects,
His dogge hee feedes, mee in my neede reiects.

What shall I doe? yonder I see a shed,
A little cottage, where a woman dwelles,
Whose husband I from death deliuered:
If she denie mee, then I faint and die.

O goodwife Tomison:

Wo. What a noyle is there?

A foule shame on yee: is it you that knockt?

War. What, doe you knowe mee then?

Wo. Whoop, who knowes not you?

The beggerd banisht shreue of Notingham,
You that betraid your master, ist not you?
Yes, a shame on you: and forsooth ye come,
To haue some succour here, because you sau'd,
My vnyust husband from the gallowe tree.
A por' upon yee both: would both for me,
Were hang'd together; but soft, let mee see:
The man lookes faint: feellst thou indeede distresse?

War.



Earle of Huntington.

War. Doe not mocke me in my heauesse.
Wo. Indeede I doe not: well I haue within,
A caudle made, I will goe fetch it him.
War. O blessed woman, comfozt able woꝝd:
Be quiet intrals, you shall be releue'd:
Wo. Here Warman, put this hēpen caudle oꝛ thy head:
See downward, ponder is chy masters walke,
And like a Iudas, on some rotten tree,
Hang by this rotten trunk of miserie:
That goers by, thy wretched end may see.
Stir' it thou not willane: get thee from my doozes:
A plague vpon thee, haste and hang thy selfe,
Runne rogue away: tis thou that hast vndone
Thy noble master, earle of huntington.
War. Good counsell, and good comfoꝛt by my faith:
Three Doctoꝛs are of one opinion,
That Warman must make speede to hang himselfe:
The last hath giuen a caudle comfoꝛtable,
That to recure my griefes is strong. and able:
He take her medicine, and He chule this way;
Wherein she saith my master hath his walke;
There will I offer life foꝛ trechery,
And hang, a wonder to all goers by.
But lo! what sound hermonious is this?
What birds are these, that sing so cheerefully,
As if they did salute the flowing spring?
Fitter it were, with tunes moꝛe dolefully
They shriekt out soꝛrowe; than thus cheerely sing.
I will goe seeke sad desperations cell:
This is not it, foꝛ here are greene-lea'd trees.
Ah foꝛ one winter-bitten bared hough,
Whereon, a wretched life, a wretch would leese.
O here is one: thrice blessed be this tree,
If a man curles, may a blessing giue
¶ Enter old Fitzwater.

The down-fall of Robert

But out alas, ponder comes one to me,
To hinder death, when I detest to liue.

Fitz. What woefull voice heare I within this wad?
What wretch is there complaines of wretchednesse?

War. A man, old man, hereau'd of all earths good,
And desperately seekes death in this distresse.

Fitz. Seeke not fo; that which will be here too soone,
At least if thou be guiltie of ill deedes.

Where art thou sonne? come and neerer sit,
Heare wholsome counsell, gainst vnhallowed thoughts.

War. The man is blinde. Duffle the eye of day,
Ye gloomie clouds (and darker than my deedes,
That darker be than pitchie sable night)
Duffer together on these high topt trees,
That not a sparke of light thorough their spraves,
May hinder what I meane to execute.

Fitz. What dost thou mutter? heare mee wofull man.

¶ Enter *Marian*, with meate.

mar. God mo;rowe father.

Fitz. Welcome louely maide,
And in good time, I trust you hither come:
Looke if you see not a distressefull man,
That to himselfe intendeth violence:

One such euen now was here and is not farre:
Seeke I beseech you, saue him if you may.

mar. Alas here is, here is a man enrag'd,
Fastning a halter on a withered bough,
And stares vpon mee, with such frighted lookes,
As I am fearefull of his sharpe aspect. (See.

Fitz. What meanst thou wretch? say, what ist thou wilt

War. As Iudas did, so I intend to doe.

For I haue done already as he did:
His master he betrayd: so I haue mine.
Fairer mistresse looke not on me with your blessed eyne.

From

From them as from some excellence diuine,
Sparkles sharpe iudgement, and commaunds to speede:
Faire, fare you well: foule foztune is my fate:
As all betraiers, I die desperate.

Fitz. Soft sir, goe Marian call in Robin Hood:
Tis Warman woman, that was once his steward.

Mar. Alas, although it be, yet saue his life:
I will sende helpe vnto you presently. Exit.

Fitz. Nay Warman stay, thou shalt haue thy will.
War. Art thou a blinde man, and canst see my shame?
To hinder treachers, God restoreth sight,
And giueth infants tongues to cry aloude,
A wofull wise against the trecherous.

¶ Enter Much running.

Much. Hold, hold, hold. I heare say, my fellowe War-
man is about to hang himselfe, and I make some speede
to saue him a labour. O good master Justice Shyrie,
haue you execution in hand, and is there such a myren
among theeues and hangmen, that you play two parts
in one? For old inquaintance, I wil play one part: The
knot vnder the eare, the knitting to the tree: Good ma-
ster Warman, leaue that worke for mee.

War. Dispatch me Much, & I will pray for thee.

Much. Nay keepe your praiers, no bodie sees vs.

He takes the rope, and offers to clime.

Fitz. Downe sirra, downe: whether a knaues name
clime you?

Much. A plague on ye for a blinde sinklanker: would
I were your match: you are much blinde yfaith, can hit
so right.

¶ Enter little John.

John. What master Warman, are yee come to yeld
A true account for your false stewardshippe?

¶ Enter Sarles and Scathlocke.

Scath. Much, if thou meanst to get a hundred pound,
Present vs to the shyreu of Notingham.

Much

Much. *Halle,* I thinke there was such a purclamation,
Come my small fellowe Iohn,
You shall haue halfe, and therefore bring in one.

Iohn. No, my big fellow, honest master Much.
Take all vnto your selfe, ile be no halfe.

Much. Then stand, you shall be the two theeuers, and
I will be the presenter.

O master Shyriue of Notingham,
When cares vnto my tydings came

(Ile speake in prose, I misse this verse vilely) that
Scathlock and Scarlet were arrested by Robin Hood my
master, and little Iohn my fellowe, and I Much his ser-
uant, and taken from you master Shyriue, being well
forward in the hanging way, wherein yee now are (and
God keepe yee in the same) & also y^e you master Shyriue
would giue any man in towne, citie, or contrey, a hun-
dred pound of lawfull arrant money of Englande, that
would bring y^e same two theeuers, being these two: now
I, the said Much, challenge of you the saide Shyriue,
bringting them, the same money.

Scar. Faith, he can not pay thee, much.

Much. I, but while this end is in my hand, and that a-
bout his necke, he is bound to it.

Enter Robin, Ely, Marian.

War. Mock on, mock on: make me your scalking game,
I doe deserue much moze than this small shame.

Rob. Disconsolate and pooze detected man,
Cast from thy necke that shamefull signe of death.
And liue for mee, if thou amende thy life,
As much in fauour as thou euer didst.

War. O worse than any death,
When a man, wrongd, his wronger pittiet.

Ely. Warman, be comforted, rise and amend.
On my word Robin Hoode will be thy friend.

Rob. I will indeede: go in, heart-broken man,
Father Fitzwater, pray you leade him in:

Exeunt

EARLE OF HARTINGTON.

Blinde Marian, with sweete comforts comfort him,
And my tall yemen, as you mee affect,
Upraiſe him not with his ſoyepaſſed life.

Warman, goe in, goe in and comfort thee.

War. O God requite your Honours curteſie.

Mar. Scathlocke or Scarlet, helpe vs ſome of yee.

Exeunt Warman, Marian, Fitzwater, Scathlocke, Scarlet,
Much, Enter Frier Tucke in his truſſe, without his weede.

Fri. Jeſu benedicite, pittie on pittie, mercie on mercie,
miſery on miſery; O ſuch a ſight, as by this light, doth
mee affright.

Rob. Tell vs the matter, pze thee holy Frier.

Fri. Sir Doncaſter the Priſteſt, and the proud Prioꝛ
Are ſtrip and wounded in the way to Bawerey,
And if there goe not ſpedie remedie,
Theyll die, theyll die in this extremitie.

Rob. Alas, direct vs to that wretched place:
I loue mine vncle, though he hateth mee.

Fri. By weede I caſt to keepe them from the colde,
And linny gentle girdle toze all her ſmocke,
The bodie iſſue of their wounds to ſtoppe.

Rob. Will you goe with vs, my good Lord of Ely?

Ely. I will, and euer pꝛaiſe thy perfect charitie.

¶ Enter Prince Iohn, ſolus, in greene, bowe and arrowes.

Iohn. Why this is ſomewhat like, now may I ſing,

As did the Wakefield Pinder in his noce;

At Michaelmas commeth my couenant out,

My maſter giues me my fees:

Then Robin He weare thy Kendall greene,

And wend to the greene woodde with thee.

But ſoz a name now, Iohn it muſt not bee,

Alreadie little Iohn on him attends.

Greeneleafe? Nay ſurely there's ſuch a one alreadie:

Well, He be Wodnet, hap what happen may.

Enter Scathlocke

Here comes a greene cote (good lucke be my guide)

Some sodaine shift might helpe me to prouide.

Scath. What fellow William, did you meete our master?

Iohn. I did not meete him yet my honest friend.

Scath. My honest friend? why, what a terme is here?

My name is Scathlocke, man, and if thou be

No other than thy garments shewe to mee,

Thou art my fellowe, though I knowe thee not.

What is thy name? when wert thou entertaind?

Ioh. My name is Woodnet, and this very day,

My noble master, earle of Huntington,

Did giue mee both my fee and liuerie.

Scath. Your noble master, earle of Huntington?

He lay a crowne you are a counterfait,

And that you knowe, lacks money of a Noble.

Did you receiue your liuery and fee,

And neuer heard our orders read vnto you?

What was the oath was giuen you by the Frier?

Ioh. Who? Frier Tuck? Enter Frier Tucke.

Scath. I doe not play the lper:

For he comes here himselfe to shew.

Iohn. Scathlocke farewell, I will away.

Scath. See you this arrowe? it saies nay.

Through both your sides shall fly this feather,

If presently you come not hither.

Fri. Now heauens true liberalitie

Fall euer for his charitie,

Upon the heade of Robin Hood,

That to his very foes doth good.

Lord God, how he laments the Prior,

And baches his wounds against the ster:

Faire Marian, God requite it her,

Doth euen as much for Doncaster,

Whome newly he hath laine in bed,

To rest his wearp wounded head.

Scath. Ho Frier Tuck, knowe you this mate?

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

Fri. What's hee?

Scath. He saith my master late,
Gave him his fee and livery.

Fri. It is a leasing, credit mee.

How chance sir then you were not sworne?

Iohn. What meane this groome and lozell Frier,

So strictly matters to inquire?

Had I a sword and buckler here,

You should aby these questions beare.

Fri. Saist thou me so lad: lend him thine,

For in this bus here lyeth mine:

Now will I try this new come guest.

Scath. I am his first man, Frier Tuck,

And if I faile and haue no lucke,

Then thou with him shalt haue a plucke.

Fri. Be it so Scathlocke: holde thee lad,

No better weapons can be had:

The dewe doth them a little rust:

But heare yee, they are tooles of trust.

Iohn. Oramercy Frier for this gift,

And if thou come vnto my thift,

Ile make thee call those fellows tooles

That on their foes bestowe such tooles.

Scath. Come let vs too't.

Fight, and the Frier lookes on,

Fri. The youth is deliur and light,

He presseth Scathlocke with his might:

Now by my beades to doe him right,

I thinke he be some tryed knight.

Scath. Weay, let vs bzeath.

Ioh. I will not stay:

If you leane, Frier, come away.

Scath. I pre the Frier holde him play.

Fri. Frier Tuck will doe the best he may.

Fight. Enter Marian,

Mar. Why, what a noyle of swordes is here?

THE GOWDWIN OF ROBERT
Fellowes, and fight our bowler so neere?
Scath. Distresse, he is no man of yours,
That fightes so fast with Frier Tucke:
But on my worde he is a man,
As good for strength as any can.

Mar. Indeeve hee's moze than common men can be,
In his high heart there dwels the bloode of kings.
Goe call my Robin, Scathlock: tis Prince Iohn.

Scath. Distresse I will, I pray part the fray. *Exit.*

Mar. I pray thee goe, I will doe what I may.

Frier I charge thee holde thy hand.

Fri. Nay yonker, to your racking stand.

What all amozt, wil you not fight?

Ioh. I yield, vnconquered by thy might:

But by Matildas glotious sight.

Fri. Distresse, he knowes you: what is hee?

Ioh. Like to amazing wonder he appeares,
And from her eye, flies loue vnto my heart,
Attended by suspicious thoughts and feares,
That numme the vigoz of each outward part:
Only my sight hath all facietie,
And fulnesse of delight, viewing her dettie.

Mar. But I haue no delight in you Prince Iohn?

Fri. Is this Prince Iohn?

Giue me thy hand, thou art a proper man,
And for this moznings worke, by Saints above,
Be euer lure of Frier Tucks true loue.

Ioh. Be not offended that I touch thy thine
Make this hand happie, let it solde in thine.

¶ Enter Robin Hoode, Fitzwater, Ely, Warman.

Rob. What sawcie wodman Marian stands so neere?

Ioh. A wodman Robin, that would strike your deere,
With all his heart. Nay neuer looke so strange,
You see this sickle world, is full of change:
Iohn is a ranger, man, compeld to range.

Fitz,

Earle of Huntington.

Fitz. You are young, wilde Lord, & wel may trauel bear.

Ioh. What, my olde friende Fitzwater, are you there?

And you Lord Ely? and old best betrust?

Then I perceiue that to this geere we must.

A messe of my good friends, which of you foure

Will purchase thanks by yielding to the King,

The bodie of the rash rebellious Iohn?

Will you Fitzwater?

Fitz. No Iohn, I desie,

To stain my old hands in thy youthfull bloode.

Ioh. You will Lord Ely, I am sure you will.

Ely. Be sure young man, my age means thee no ill.

Iohn. Do you will haue the praise, by aue Robin Hood:

The lustie outlawe, Lord of this large wodde,

Hee' lead a kings sonne, prisoner to a king,

And bid the brother smite the brother deade.

Rob. My purpose you haue much misconstrued:

Prince Iohn, I would not for the wide world's wealth

Incease his Malice; but doe my best,

To mitigate his wrath, if he be mou'd.

Ioh. Will none of you? then here's one I dare say,

That from his childehoode, knowes how to betray:

Warman, will not you helpe to hinder all you may.

War. With what I haue beene, twit me not my Lord.

My olde sins at my soule I doe detest.

Ioh. Then that he came this way, prince Iohn was blest.

Forgiue me Ely, pardon mee Fitzwater:

And Robin, to thy hands my selfe I yield.

Rob. And as my heart, from hurt I will thee shield:

¶ Enter Much, running.

Mu. Hastid fly, hide ye mistresse, we al shall be taken.

Rob. Why, whats the matter? (of hozles.

Much. The king, the king, & twelve and twenty croze

Rob. Peace foolc. we haue no cause from him to fly,

¶ Enter Scarlet, little Iohn.

Ioh. Scarlet and I were hunting on the plains.

THE DOWN-TAILED ROBE

To vs came royall Richard from his traine
 (For a great traine of his is hard at hand)
 And questiond vs, if we seru'd Robin Hoode:
 I saide wee did: and then his Maiestie,
 Putting this massie chaine about my necke,
 Said what I shame to say, but ioyde to heare:
 Let Sarlet tell it, it befits not mee.
 Scar. Quoth our good king, thy name is little Iohn,
 And thou hast long time seru'd earle Huntington:
 Because thou leftst him not in miserie,
 A hundred markes I giue thee yearelie fee,
 And from henceforth, thou shalt a squier bee.
 Much. O Lozd what luck had I to runne away?
 I should haue bene made a knight, or a lady sure.
 Scar. Soe, said the king, and to your master say,
 Richard is come to call him to the court.
 And with his kingly presence chase the clouds
 Of griefe and sorrow, that in mistie shades,
 Haue baid the honour of earle Huntington,
 Rob. Now God ppe serue him, hpe you backe againe,
 And guide him, least in by-paths he mistake.
 Much, fetch a richer garment for my father:
 Good Friar Tuck, I ppe thee rouse thy wits.
 Warman, visit myne vncke and sir Doncaster,
 See if they can come forth to grace our shoue.
 Gods pittie marian, let your Linny waite,
 Thankes my Lozd Chancelloz: you are well prepar'd,
 And good Prince Iohn, since you are all in greene,
 Disdaine not to attend on Robin Hoode:
 Frolick I pray, I trust to see yee good.
 Welcome good vncke, welcome sir Doncaster.
 Say, will yee sit, I feare yee cannot stand.
 Pri. Yes, very well.
 Rob. Why, cheerlyly cheerly then.
 The trumpet, sounds, the king is now at hand:
 Lozds, yeomen, maids, in decent order stand.

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON

The trumpets sound, the while *Robin* places them.
Enter first, bare-head, little *John* and *Scarlet*; likewise
Chester, and *Lester*, bearing the sword and scepter; the
King follow crowned, clad in green: after him *Queene*
mother, after her *Salisbury* and *Richmond*, *Scarlet* and
Scathlocke turne to *Robin Hood*; who with all his cō-
pany kneele downe and cry.

All. God saue King Richard, Lords preserve your Grace.

King. Thanks all, but chiefly, *Huntington*, to thee.

Arise poore earle, stand vp, my late lost sonne,
And on thy shoulders let me rest my armes,
That haue bene toyled long with heathen warres:
True pillar of my state, right Lord in deede,
Whose honour shineth in the denne of neede,
I am euen full of ioy, and full of woe;
To see thee, glad: but sad to see thee so.

Rob. That I could powze out my soule in prayers,
And praises for this kingly curtesie,

Doe not, O good Lord, grieue at my lowe estate:

Neuer so rich, neuer so fortunate,
Was *Huntington* as now himselfe he findes.

And to approue it, may it please your Grace,

But to accept such presents at the hand

Of your poore seruant, as he hath prepar'd,

You shall perceiue, the Emperour of the East,

Whom you contended with at Babilon,

Had not such presents to present you with.

King. Art thou so rich? Sweet let me see thy gifts.

Rob. First take againe this Jewell you had lost,

Aged *Fitzwater*, banished by Iohn.

King. A femme in deede: no Prince hath such a one.

Good, good old man, as welcome vnto mee,

As coole fresh ayze, in heats extremitie.

Fitz. And I as glad to kisse my Soueraignes hand,

As the wackt swimmer, when he feeles the land.

Qu. Welcome *Fitzwater*, I am glad to see you.

Fitz.

Fitz. I thanke your Grace: but let me hug these twain,
Lester and Richmond, Christes twoyne champions,
That follow'd Richard in his holy warre.

Richm. Noble Fitzwater, thanks, & welcome both.

Lest. O God how glad I am to see this Lord!
I cannot speake: but welcome at a worde.

Rob. Next take good Ely in your royall hands,
Who fled from death, and most vnciuill hands.

Kin. Robin, thy gifts exceede Moorton my Chancellour!
In this man gett thou holinesse and honour.

Ely. Indeede he giues me, and he gaue me life,
Preseruing me from fierce pursuing foes,
When I too blame, had wrought him many woes:
With me he likewise did preserue this scale,
Which I surrender to your maiestie.

Kin. Keepe it good Ely, keepe it still for me.

Rob. The next faire Jewell that I will presente
Is richer than both these, yet in the soyle,
By gracious Lord, it hath a soule default:
Which if you pardon, boldly I protest,
It will in value farre exceede the rest.

Ioh. That's me hemeanes, ysaith my turne is next,
He calles me foile, saith I feare a foile.
Well, tis a mad Lord, this same huntington;

Rob. Here is Prince Iohn your brother, whose reuolt,
And folly in your absence, let me craue,
With his submission may be buried,
For he is now no moze the man he was,
But duetifull in all respects to you.

Kin. Praise God it prooue so. Wel good huntington,
For thy sake pardon'd is our brother Iohn,
And welcome to vs in all heartie loue.

Rob. This last I giue, as tenants do their lands,
With a surrender, to receiue againe,
The same into their owne possession:
No marian, but Fitzwaters thast Matildas

The

The precious Jewell that poore ^{Huntington},
Doth in this world, hold as his best esteeme.
Although with one hand I surrender her,
I holde the other, as one looking still,
Richard returnes her: so I hope he will.

Kin. Els God forbid: receiue thy Marian backe,
And neuer may your loue be separate,
But flourish fairely to the vtmost date.

Rob. Now please my king to enter Robins bowler,
And take such homely welcome as he findes,
It shall be reckened as my happinelle.

Kin. With all my heart: then as combined friends,
Goe we togither, here all quarrelles ends. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sir Iohn Elcam, and Skelton.

S. Ioh. Then Skelton here I see you will conclude,
Skel. And reason good: haue we not held too long?

S. Ioh. No in good sadnesse, I dare gage my life,
Highnesse will accept it very kindly.

But I assure you, he expects withall,
To see the other matters tragicall,
That followe in the procelle of the stozie,
Wherein are many a sad accident,
Able to make the strictest minde relent:
I neede not name the points, you knowe them all.
From Marians eye shall not one teare be shed?
Skelton, pfaith tis not the fashion.

The King must greene, the Queene must take it ill:
Ely must mourne, aged Fitzwater weepe,
Prince Iohn, the Lords: his yeomen must lament,
And wring their wofull hands, for Robins woe.
Then must the sicke man fainting by degrees,
Speake hollowe words, and yeld his Marian,
That maid Matilda, to her fathers hands:
And giue her, with king Richards full consent,
His lands, his goods, late seazd on by the Prior,
Now by the Priors treason made the kings.

THE DOWNTOWN STRE
Skelton, there are a many other things,
That aske long time to tell them lineally:
But ten times longer will the action be.
Skel. Sir Iohn, ysfaith I knowe not what to doe:
And I confesse that all you say is true.
Will you doe one thing for me, craue the king
To see two parts: say tis a prettie thing:
I know you can doe much, if you excuse mee,
While Skelton liues, Sir Iohn be bolde to vse mee.

S. Ioh, I will perswade the king: but how can you
Perswade all these beholders to contente

Skel. Stay sir Iohn Elcam; what to them I say,
Deliuere to the king, from mee, I pray.

Well iudging bearers, for a while suspence
Your censures of this Plates vnfinisht end:

And Skelton promises for this offence,
The second part shall presently be pend:

There shall you see, as late my friend did note,
King Richards reuels at earle Roberts tower,

The purposed mirch, and the perfozmed mone,
The death of Robin, and his murderers.

For interest of your stay, this will I adde
King Richards voyage backe to Austria:

The swift returned tydings of his death,
The manner of his royall funerall.

Then Iohn shall be a lawfull crowned king,
But to Matilda heare unlawfull loue,

Aged Firzwaters snall banishment:
Dispitious end, of power teares to moue

From marble pillers. The Carastrophic
Shall shewe you faire Matildas Tragedie,

Who (shunning Iohns pursute, became a Nunne,
At Dumwyod Abbey, where she constantly

Chose death to saue her spotlesse chastitie.
Take but my word, and if I faile in this,

Then let my paines be baffled with a hisse.

FINIS.



